RAILROAD

MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1974

95 CENTS

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RAILROAD MAGAZINE

Adventurous Railroading and Rail Hobbies—Founded 1906

Vol. 97, No. 2 DECEMBER 1974

95 CENTS

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D.P. Wallworth, 135 Brookside Ave., HoHoLus, N.J.

New York, Susquehanna & Western railroaders, with no road to Little Ferry, N.J., shops, "charter" one of the diesels and ride to their autos. Crew coming on duty returns on loco 240, Alco RS-1.

THE MAIL CAR

where editors and readers meet

THIS MONTH'S cover is a snowscape showing a Montpelier & Barre switcher that has just set out a string of cars on the Centeral Vermont interchange and is returning to the yards in Montpelier, Vermont. The bridge is over the Winooski River within two blocks of the state's Capital Building. The photograph was made Feb. 12, 1974, by *Interesting Railfan* J. Howard Audibert, 6632 28th Street South, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33712. (Next month we will have a steam cover.) ●

Female Railroaders

THERE are now two railroaders in the family. One is Bob Peggie, master mechanic for the Moose Jaw Division of CP Rail. The other is—or was until recently—his daughter, Joanne, who worked last summer as the company's first female train dispatcher. Joanne is the fourth-generation Peggie employed by the company. Her grandfather and great-grandfather were railroaders. So were her mother, grandmother, an aunt, an uncle, and a cousin.

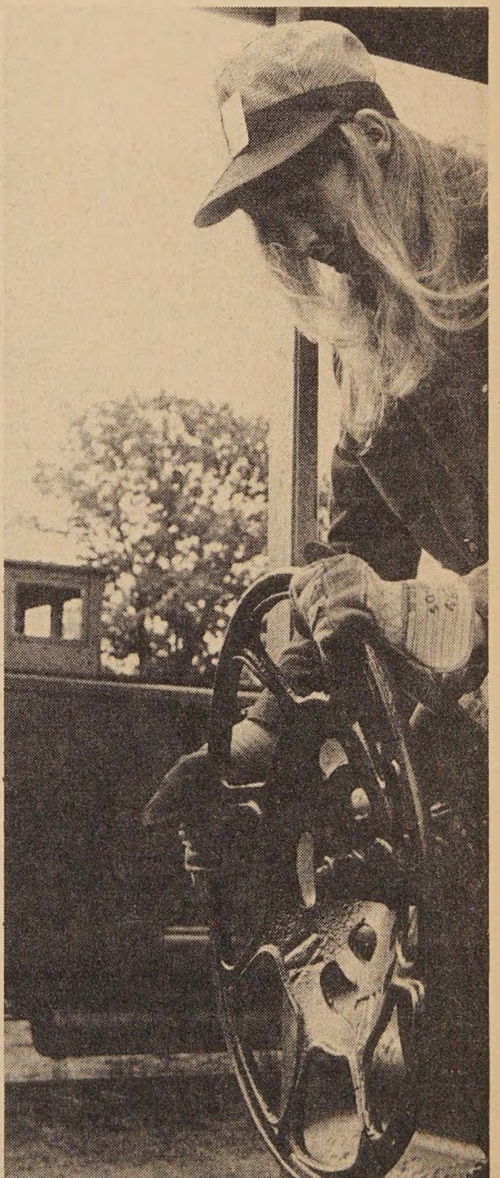
Last summer the Moose Jaw, Sask., office hired Joanne to work at various jobs, including customer service claims, switchboard, and clerical duties. Being bright and quick to learn, she was offered the position of relief dispatcher for the season, and accepted after all of the company's male operators in the area had turned it down. For three weeks she sat in on the job to learn the ropes. She also had to memorize the CP Rail book of rules and take an exam. As a dispatcher, Joanne was responsible for sending orders to operators at various points in Saskatchewan. For example, if cars were needed to ship grain from a rural elevator, she gave the orders to move them.

"Most of the guys I worked with have been on the job for 15 to 20 years," she says. "When I asked questions, they stopped what they were doing to answer me. They made it easier for me to learn the job."

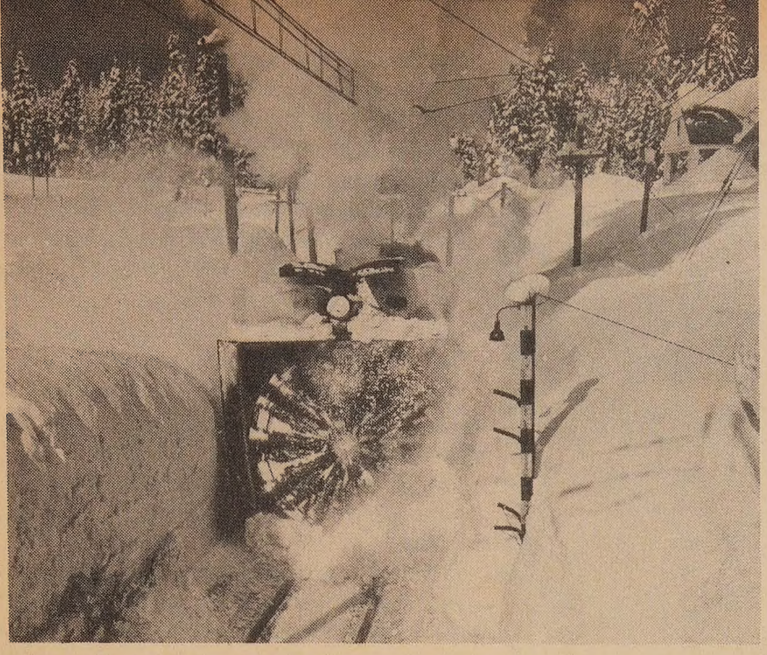
Joanne feels that her railroad background helped her a lot. She picked up some rail lingo from her father. This fall, the girl went back to a course she had begun taking at the University of Saskatchewan, but has accepted an offer to return to dispatching next summer. This story came from *CP Rail News* as a condensation of an article written by Mrs. Janice Hackel, women's editor of the Moose Jaw *Times-Herald.*

BETTY BARTLETT, a 20-year-old blonde from Cape Elizabeth,

Paul van der Raadt, Times-Herald, Moose Jaw, Sask., Canada



(Left) Joanne Peggie busy on CP Rail dispatcher's phone. (bottom) Becky Bartlett ties down Conway Scenic R.R. hack. Photograph by Bruce Bedford



Clearing the track. Milwaukee Road's huge rotary tosses snow in Cascades as it nears Hyak, Wash., Feb. 10, 1946. Plow has just emerged from a tunnel. Snow depth can be judged by poles and deep gash cut by rotary. Milwaukee Road Photograph

Jury is still out on ultimate fate of dowager union depot at New London, Conn., as seen in January, '74. Local Redevelopment Authority, which bought title from Penn Central, takes dim view of H.H. Richardson's architectural gem built in late '80's for CV and NH. B.A. Bentz, Rte. 1, Stonington, Conn. 06368

Maine, began a railroad career as salesgirl in The Brass Whistle, the Conway Scenic Railroad's gift shop located at North Conway, N.H. in a restored century-old passenger station. When an opening occurred in the ranks of brakemen, Becky applied for the job. She was hired to throw track switches, couple air brakes, connect and disconnect cars, and generally see to the safe and efficint, opperations of the trains. A willingness to adapt to new situations enabled her to quickly master the fundamentals of what was once an exclusively male craft.

Says Conway Scenic's manager, Dwight Smith: "Perhaps if the mainline railroads had hired girls like Becky to man their passenger trains back in the 1950s they might still have Boston-North Conway service today. Now, if we can only find a woman engineer and a woman fireman for our old steam locomotive, we could possibly field the first all-female train crew in history."

PUTTING women into men's jobs on railroads doesn't always work out right. More than three years ago the Southern Pacific dropped Gaylene Snow as its first female brakeman trainee for "lack of physical agility." Just recently she was awarded $52,000 by a Los Angeles court for spinal injuries received while carrying a 75-pound coupling knuckle during her training. The award would have been much higher but for the fact that the jury (7 men, 5 women) decided that the injuries were mostly her own fault.

"That sum won't even come close to paying my hospital bills," Gaylene moans.

Her suit did not mention another accident that occurred June 27, 1971, and ended her brakeman career—when she fell off a boxcar. The woman, who is now 40, says she was kept from becoming a brakeman solely "because I was a girl. The word was out before I started that I wouldn't get through the training class." She says it is common for trainees to fall off boxcars and it happened to her because she wasn't wearing regular work shoes.

At the time of the weight-lifting incident, Gaylene was 5 feet, 11 inches tall and weighed 206 pounds. She was about 20 years older than men in the training class. A 130-pound youth testified during the four-day trial that he lifted the "knuckle" without difficulty. Southern Pacific had permitted her to join the training class after Gaylene threatened to bring a discrimination suit. ●

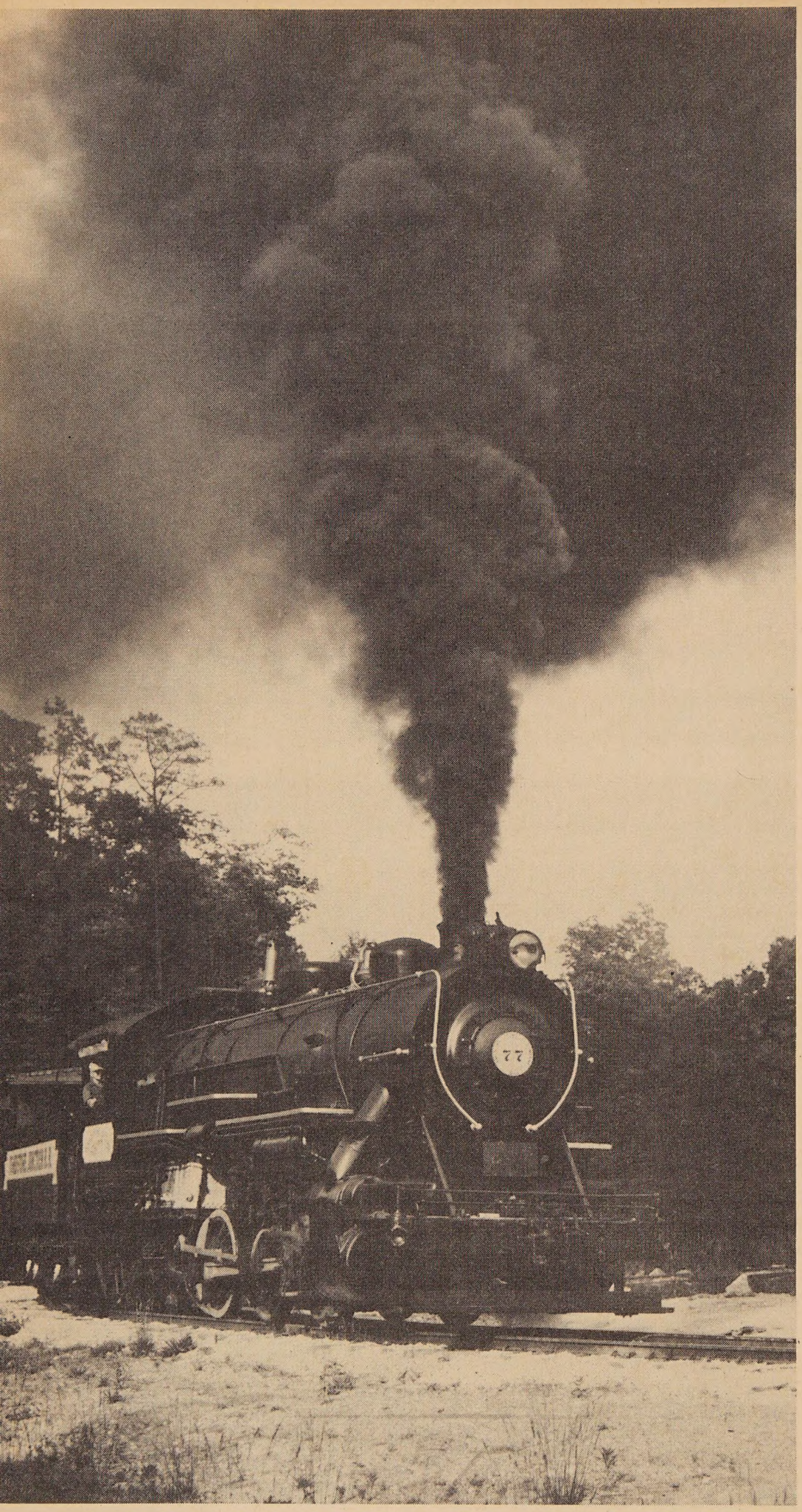
Personal Experiences

WHILE in the Navy, I pulled ammo loading duty at the Leonardo piers on the north coast of New Jersey—the piers mentioned by Dr. Bernard Albert and Dan Heffner. The installation was well within the hills just south of the coast. The piers were connected by a double track and at one time were CTC-controlled, with a well ballasted right-of-way, having steep grades. Most trains were pulled by single Baldwin switchers, Alco MRS-1 units in multiple unit handled while the container trains. You had an article on this road back in the 1950's, with quite a lot of information; including a picture of the destroyer escort *Solar*, which exploded at the pier.

The Baldwins also served another purpose on at least one occasion: as portable cars supplying power to a ship, via shore cables to carry the power. Cables ran out from the cab

"Ale, sir?" Maureen Bleser, British Rail buffet-car stewardess, on 14:15 to Portsmouth Harbour-to-Waterloo express run in June, '74.

Raymond E. Ruffell, 2-Victoria Villas, High St., Little Sandhurst nr. Camberley, Surrey, England



Cumberland Falls Scenic R.R. 77 near Parkers Lake, Ky., May 25, 1974.

Photograph by Michael A. Eagleson

doors onto the vessel. The New York & Long Branch crossed the mainline, but had no connection, as far as I could tell. When you spend several days there, as we did each time, the liberty is really lousy, like being on a tiny desert island with nothing to do—E.E. Nilsson, OS3, 125 Hillside Rd., Rhinelander, Wis.

REGARDING Mr. Theisen's article, "The Most Exciting Day in My Life," in our August issue, Miss Margaret Evans, 850 Fleet Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Canada. R3M1K3, writes:

"In the late 1940's, my parents and I made a trip to Halifax. Dad hired a taxi to drive us around the city and the driver spent practically all his time describing the explosion. Some ten or twelve years later, we revisited the city and this time boarded a sight-seeing bus—and heard the same commentary—all about the explosion! As I looked around at the passengers, it was obvious that the majority of them would not have been born in 1917, and I thought: 'Why don't the guides tell us something up-to-date?' However, it was interesting to read in *Railroad Magazine* about the explosion from a locomotive engineer's viewpoint.

"My father, Joseph Evans, was with the Canadian Northern and Canadian National for 47 years, so naturally my mind has always been railway-oriented. He began as an engine wiper and then helped to lay track in the vicinity of the present CN station in Winnipeg, later becoming a fireman. Most of his active life he was an engineer working out of Winnipeg. He spent many years running freight eastward to Rainy River, Ont., just across the river from Baudette, Minn.; also to Brandon or Dauphin. He had passenger runs for brief periods. For two years he pulled the mixed train to Pine Falls, where a large paper mill stands.

"Many branch lines used to operate out of Winnipeg. As senior men reached the retiring age, Dad was able to advance. The last few years of his career he held a daytime passenger run to Dauphin, 177 miles northwest of the city. He retired in 1950 and has since died.

"We lived five blocks from a portion of the CN mainline so, from early infancy, I was raised on the sound and sight of steam engines. I enjoyed many trips to the beaches via Canadian National and Canadian Pacific. My first long trip, in a sleeping car occurred at the age of

ten when we journeyed to Vancouver. We slept with the windows open and I recall seeing black cinders on the white bedsheets. Like other railfans, I have the usual collection of steam photos, books about the rails, sketches of old stations, a long spout oiler, etc. One special treasure is the last kettle which Dad used for making tea on the engine. My uncle, Harry Evans, also was a CN hoghead."

LIKE MANY other green firemen, I had trouble when I started firing hand bombers on the Canadian Pacific. But very early in the game I was lucky to make a trip with a friendly engineer who showed me the correct way to build a fire. After a few tough trips out of Nelson, B.C., I was sent to Cranbrook, B.C., on the Crows Nest Division. My first run there was with a load of empty gondolas to the big Sullivan mine at Kimberly, B.C. Our return load was full tonnage of lead and zinc concentrates being shipped to the Consolidated Mining & Smelting Co. at Trail, B.C.

Before leaving Kimberley, my hogger gave me a demonstration on how to build the fire. I can only recall his first name, Harry, but he was a real nice guy. Cupping his hands together, palms up, he said: "That's exactly how your fire should look."

By following his instructions, I was amazed to discover how easy it was to keep up a full head of steam with the fire built that way. One thing he warned me was to make sure there were no holes in the center of the fire. Also, always to keep the back corners of the firebed well filled with coal. From then on, I had no trouble.—Bert Lanning, 717 Pandora Ave., Victoria, B.C., Canada V8W 1N9. ●

Our Monthly Newscast

JAMES A. McKNIGHT, a locomotive engineer, "went to glory" in a fire and explosion which hit the Southern Pacific's Englewood yard at Houston, Texas, on September 21st. Five days later the SP resumed normal service. After flames in freight cars had been brought under control, operations continued in most of the big yard while a force of 250 men, toiling on a 24-hour basis, removed damaged cars and rebuilt track. Through freight service, rerouted around the yard, was kept up with only minor delays. Total damage and personal injury liability was estimated to be at least $12 million; but the Espee's financial loss, considering insurance, etc., was only about $4 million.

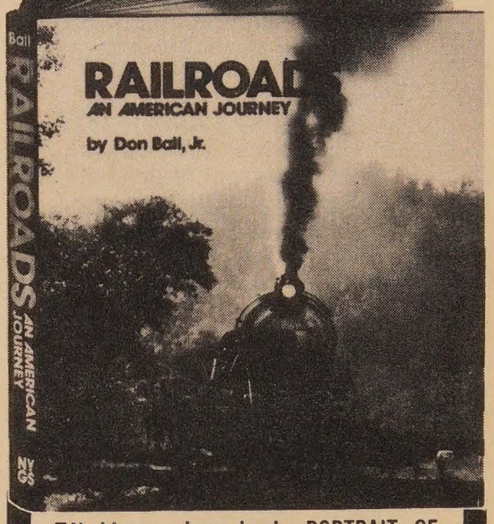
A SUCCESSFUL shipping innovation involving piggyback traffic reached a milestone on Sept. 20th when the 1000th Ship-a-Train of Hub City Terminal pulled out of Penn Central's 47th Street yard in Chicago, bound for the New York area. The train looked like any other drag of highway truck trailers and containers, but what made it different was its embodiment of a marketing concept that has found wide acceptance with Midwestern shippers. Ship-a-Train provides a rate reduction of 25 percent when a single shipper moves 60 or more highway trailers or containers in one train.

RAILROADING ain't what it usta be, not with all these computing machines sprouting up like goldenrod along the right-of-way. A press release tells us that Illinois Training Director's Association, whatever that is, has conferred its award for excellence in training to Universal training Systems Co. in recognition of its outstanding program developed for the Santa Fe Railway. The program was designed to train and motivate employes with long years of service in terminal and yard work to properly enter payroll data into the railway's computer system.

PHOTO of SN&C Railway car 517 in July *Railroad* was miscaptioned, according to Jim Crump, 318 S. Whitcomb, Fort Collins, Colo. 80521. The park's name is Devoe, not Devon, but the picture was taken in the city of Park Hills, Ky. The chief of police there, Jim's father, built the waiting station shown in the background in about 1932, and two other such stations, as a gift to the people. The so-called streetcar line was really an interurban. Starting in Dixie terminal, Cincinnati, Ohio, it crossed the Ohio River into Kentucky and ran through Covington, Park Hills, Fort Mitchell, and South Fort Mitchell, ending at Horse Branch Road. The line had two high trestles and Jim lived almost directly under one of them. The photo evoked fond memories.

AN ERIE LACKAWANNA train derailment at Lancaster, Pa., is blamed for having damaged grave markers in St. Mary's Cemetery. "A 2½-foot angel was broken off my family's monument," complains Mrs. A.C. of that city. "Part of the wreckage is still near our plot. I sent a $385 estimate of damages to the

A magnificently illustrated volume that re-creates the romance and nostalgia of America's railroad adventure



IN his previous book, PORTRAIT OF THE RAILS, Don Ball gave us a superbly documented account of the transition from steam to diesel—a book that provided a wealth of information and detail for the rail fan and the modeler. Railroad Magazine said it was unsurpassed as "a treasure-house of rail lore at its best."

Now, in this complementary volume, he chronicles a lifetime's fascination with trains. With text and more than 300 breathtaking photos, he tells how he combed nearly every state to find the last steam locomotive or to get an elusive shot of some short-line train. His book is a visual delight — filled with beautifully precise, poignant images of yesterday's pleasures.

RAILROADS is a book of enormous appeal to all those with a special fondness for American railroads and for the great days of steam. If you want an accurate record of vanished trains — or wish to recapture that special moment when a powerful locomotive thundered past—this is a volume that demands a prominent place in your library!

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railroad, but got no reply." (*Ed. note:* The EL disclaims responsibility for damage to the grave site, attributing it to vandals.)

UNION PACIFIC has nearly 2,500 boxcars in storage waiting for loads to help justify, economically, their existence in the UP fleet. Jack Bowen, the system's general superintendent of transportation for Union Pacific, says this is the other side of the coin which the public seldom hears about but which must be faced by railroads planning equipment acquisitions. Only a few months ago, the carriers were being criticized because of a box car shortage brought on by an unusually heavy demand for moving grain and lumber. Those 2500 stored cars represent an investment of about $75 million. At current interest rates, they can't remain unproductive very long without bad economic consequences.

PULLMAN-STANDARD has unveiled the prototype model of a new line of open-top gondola and hopper cars designed for super-durability, dependability, and ease of maintenance in the transport of coal and other commodities. The prototype car, a high side gon for unit coal-train rotary dump service, shares many of the features and innovations which will be common to what Pullman-Standard calls its "new family" of open top cars. The line will also include a low side gondola and hopper cars available in triple or quad hopper versions and auto dump models with two different door arrangements.

DURING the next 12 months, Denver & Rio Grande Western will spend almost $40 million for new equipment and plant improvements. The total will be more than 80 percent above that for the preceding 12 months.

PENN CENTRAL can be included in the Government's planned new Northeast rail system, a special court in Washington, D.C., has ruled. The ruling overturned an opinion by the Federal judge overseeing Penn Central's bankruptcy proceeding. However, the special, three-judge court stayed its decision pending final ruling by the Supreme Court in a separate but related case.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY has just completed a $120,000 expansion of its East St. Louis intermodal facility. The area, which represents the westernmost extension of Southern's 10,000 miles of railroad, is an important interchange point with other carriers.

MORE MONEY (where have we heard that term before?) is being sought by the U.S. Railway Association to revamp operations of Northeast railroads in bankruptcy proceedings. The Association says also it will need a few extra months in its timetable for carving a profitable railroad system out of Penn Central and about half a dozen other railroads in reorganization under Federal bankruptcy laws. It will need, the Association says, $8 million more in funds immediately and $414 million later.

DISTINCTIVE souvenirs of dining service on the Rock Island *Rockets* in the golden age of railroading may be had at moderate prices in the form of fine linen tablecloths and napkins. Made of the finest Belgian damask they are embroidered, white on white, with the Rock Island trademark. A limited supply of the napery is available by mail. Tablecloths come in two sizes: 36 inches by 54 inches, at $9; and 36 inches by 34 inches, at $7. The 22-by-22-inch napkins are offered at $1.50 each.

Checks for the total amount of purchase, plus 5 percent sales tax for Illinois residents, plus 50¢ per item ordered for handling and postage, should be made payable to the "Rock Island Lines," and mailed to the Passenger Services Department, Rock Island Lines, Room 200, 139 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill. 60605.

A BRONZE plaque reading, "Site of the First Train Robbery in the West, Commited by the Notorious Jesse James and His Gang of Outlaws July 21, 1873," has been stolen from Adair, Iowa. The plaque, which was attached to a large locomotive wheel, marked the spot of the famous robbery on the Rock Island Railroad 1½ miles west of the city. ●

Slow Train to Portland

STORIES have been written about fast runs, but I will tell you about the slowest run I have ever known. Although it happened in the winter of the late 1930s, the memory is still fresh in my mind. I was the head brakeman in a crew called to handle Grand Trunk train 490 from Island Pond, Vt., to Portland, Maine. We had No. 3702, one of the 15 powerful 2-8-2's our road acquired during World War I. The engineer

was "Joe" Walter Emery, the fireman Guy Emery, the conductor Fleve Devlin, and the parlor brakeman James White.

Our train was a manifest freight which left Chicago daily for Portland, running over the Grand Trunk Western (Canadian National) and GT. (Incidentally, it is still operating today but as train 494). That day it was late and the day yard crew had been released from duty. We were called for 5:30 p.m., but our consist had to get Customs clearance and a car checkup before it could move. The weather was cold, getting colder, and cars don't move easily in subzero temperature.

We switched the train, assembling the loaded cars for various stations on our subdivision, and kept fairly warm while working on the frozen snow-covered ground; but the hogger had to keep his cab window open to see our signals and he shivered from the icy wind blowing into the cab. Well, sir, we picked up all 67 of the cars we had switched and when the car tinks okayed the train brakes we were ready to leave. The engine was standing on the outer switch as we pulled out of the yard, but barely moved ahead.

For the next three or four hours she must have set the record for a slow crawl. I was sitting on the cab brakeman's seat. The only way I could tell for sure that we were moving was to watch the headlight inching up on snow piles beside the track. Joe tried reversing her, but she ran no faster backing up; so he proceeded ahead again. At no time did the 3702 spin her drivers! Meanwhile, Guy, the fireman, kept his boiler pressure up to the limit without opening the pop. This gave Joe an added pressure of two to four pounds to use with the throttle. It was engine-crew team work.

Still, we did not move fast enough for you to hear an exhaust. We proceeded for a little more than a train-length, into a curve. Joe decided to "double" into Brighton, four miles east of Island Pond; so we cut off the first 21 cars, took them to East Brighton, and then backed into the siding. I had to ride the rear drawbar of a boxcar, which I found chilly.

Our train wouldn't go any faster and I am sure it couldn't move more slowly. I went back into another curve and cut off 15 cars, which Joe dragged down the track for nearly a half-mile. This was to let the journal boxes warm and lubricate somewhat—if they would. At that time, more than 25 years ago, we used only dope-lubricated boxes, and it took a few miles for us to make them roll easily. At length, the entire train was recoupled and Joe gave the throttle all it had. But that "powerful" engine couldn't have pulled a setting hen off its nest.

Even with 21 cars less, which had been taken to East Brighton, and the 15 cars that had been moved ahead and back, we didn't roll any faster than when our trip started. At the distance we had covered and time consumed, the 3702 would soon have to get more water and coal, but even then it couldn't make more speed.

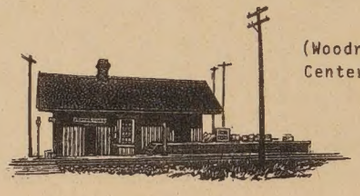
Joe was discouraged. "We need more motive power," he told the fireman. "If any hogger thinks he could do a better job with this consist, I'd be glad to let him try, but he'd have to take over the hog right here."

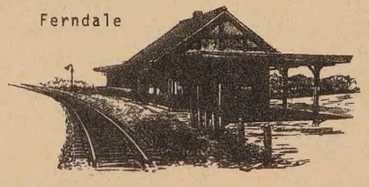
Fleve said he'd return to Island Pond station and ask for more power. I followed him back as far as the caboose, which was standing about one-eighth of a mile east of the yard mainline switch, and he walked about a mile to the depot. The temperature was then about 35 below.

No. 12, the passenger train from Montreal, was due about midnight and arrived by the time Fleve got to the station. Its conductor that night was Eddie Richmond, its hogger "Buck" Miller, and the engine No. 5209. The dispatcher ordered Buck to couple the 5209 behind our caboose and assist us ahead to East Brighton, wait there to pick up the 21 cars, and then help us out of town.

I was in the hack when the 5209 coupled on. I told the parlor brakeman that she was only a passenger engine and I doubted if she had the power we needed. The 5209 was a 41 percent engine; ours, 55 percent. Ambling up ahead, I explained the situation to Joe. We proceeded to East Brighton and picked up our 21 cars there. The two engines soon had us rolling on our way.

At North Stratford, 17 miles east of Island Pond, we set out 16 cars for the Maine Central, took on a tank of water, and jogged along our way. For about 10 miles the track paralleled the Connecticut River, which was iced over. The temperature hadn't eased up even a little bit. The Ashcroft back-pressure gage in front of Joe froze solid. Half an inch of frost coated the brake-valve pipe. On entering West yard at Berlin, N.H., Joe called across the cab: "I hate to work the brake-valve because I don't know if it will perform. There may be frost on the inside like there is the





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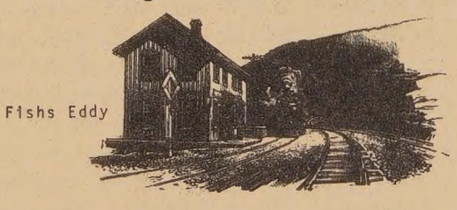

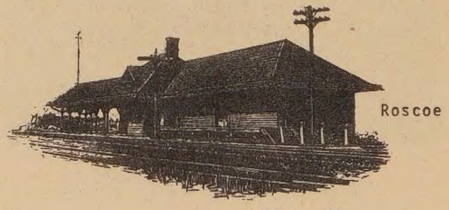

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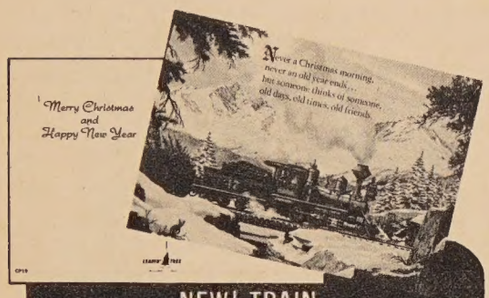

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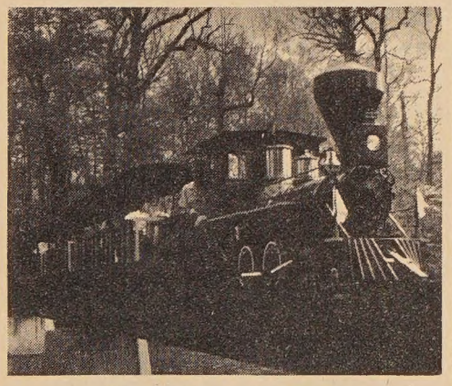

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outside."

After setting out cars in the yard, we crawled six miles further to Gorham, N.H., a coal and water station which always had a maintenance crew on duty. That night a mainline work-train crew was tied up there. They took our belated train the additional 92 miles to Portland, where we were glad to tie up under the 16-hour law. Our engine crew went to the bunk room and the trainmen to the caboose, all for a well-earned rest.—W. Wright Flavin, West Paris, Maine 04289. ●

Personality Parade

JOHN H. BURDAKIN, 53, new president of the Grand Trunk Western, began railroading in 1940 as a junior engineer on the Pennsy, held several Pennsy and Penn Central executive posts, and on a 14-month leave of absence managed the Panama Canal Railroad. As executive vice president of the GTW, he succeeded Dr. Robert A. Bandeen to the presidency on October first.

WE MISS Elwin K. Heath of Barre, Vt., an authority on northern New England railroading and long-time contributor to our magazine, who died October 6th from a circulatory disease. No word yet as to what his widow will do with his large photo collection.

ACCORDING to the Rock Island *Rocket,* clerk Bruce Nelson of El Dorado, Ark., "has car, but doesn't travel." Bruce hosted a party the other day for other Rock Islanders, active and retired, and their wives aboard his private railroad car, a club diner formerly used on the *Rocky Mountain Rocket.* He bought it in January, 1973 and has it parked on a side track. He and his wife spent several months redecorating the former diner. He now makes it available to church and civic groups.

THE YOUNGEST Canadian with the distinction of getting a book published is Kendall MacDonald, age 9, son of a Prairie Region transportation officer of CP Rail. His book, *Patrick the Diesel,* was originally an illustrated story done as a school project. It impressed his teacher so much that she took it to a publisher, resulting in a 24-page book copyrighted in his name and dedicated "To my Daddy, because I love him and he taught me about trains."

BACK in 1873, Dr. R.A. Baker, now 73, began to plant a flower garden at the corner of Ridge and Sanford streets in his home city, Glens Falls, N.Y., on a weed patch where a Delaware & Hudson crossing watchman's shanty used to stand. With the railroad's permission, he hauled away bricks and cinders from the site and transformed it with gorgeous blossoms. Every year he renews this garden, which may well be the only one of its kind in the nation.

A FARMER living near Albion, Mich., recently installed an electric fence to keep his cattle from wandering onto the tracks of Penn Central's Detroit-Chicago mainline, reports Steve Hubbard (no relation to your editor), 16344 Comdon Rd., Akbion, Mich. 49224. Recently, when a train stopped at a CTC signal the engineer climbed down from his cab and went over to the fence to urinate—and did he dance when he hit that electrified fence!

EVERYONE who knows anything about art knows of Whistler's mother, the elderly lady in a rocking chair immortalized by artist James Abbot Whistler in his famous portrait, "Mother." But what about Whistler's father? George Washington Whistler designed and built the first American locomotive equipped with a steam whistle, fondly known as Whistler's Whistle. He also helped map the route of the Paterson & Hudson Railroad when it was chartered in 1831. The route today is the main line of the Erie Lackawanna. And he built a railroad in Czarist Russia.

ALLEN J. GREENOUGH, 69, last president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, died in Philadelphia on September 21st. He was a director and president of the PRR and various subsidiary lines from Nov. 1959 until Feb. '68, when the merger with the New York Central became effective and he elected to retire rather than become a Penn Central officer. ●

One Helluva Banker

AS A YOUNG rail, a boomer at that, I was no exception when it came to zeroing in on the fair sex. One fall day many years ago I was in Memphis, Tenn., looking for any kind of railroad job. I had spent several below-zero days out West hauling beets and cattle on the Burlington and now wanted a milder climate until the Espee started hiring men for its spring melon rush. But there wasn't a railroad job in Memphis.

So I decided to leave town. I sat at the lunch counter in Central Station

nursing a cup of black coffee and trying to figure out my next move until my buddy, "Blim" Olsen, who had a pipe-line connection with the trainmaster's office in El Paso, would send me word that the Espee needed men. Suddenly a voice boomed in my ears: "Bill, you old sun of a gun, what are you doing in Memphis?"

Whirling on the stool, I faced a brass-pounding friend, Lew Thompson, whom I'd worked with two years before. "Looking for a job," I said. "Know of any?"

"Can you still pound the brass well enough to pass a wire test?"

"Enough to get by," I replied. "What do you have in mind?"

Lew said he was working in Mississippi and might be able to fix me up with a job. This sounded good. So with the help of a fellow telegrapher in the relay office, he got in touch with the GF&A chief; and that night I was riding the cushions, bound for the Deep South.

Pretty soon I found myself on a payroll again and assigned to a night trick at Ft. Sims, a desolate spot whose sole claim to railroad fame was its water tank and night telegraph office. I hadn't been on the job an hour before I heard a sweet musical voice at the ticket window.

"Mister, will you please mail these letters on the Pensacola train for me?"

In those days it was the custom for people in small towns, after the post office had closed for the night, to bring their late mail to the depot for the telegrapher to put in the RPO. The person who had spoken to me was a gal with seductive green eyes and a beautiful heart-shaped face framed by a crown of red hair. Slender. Medium height. Chest and hind quarters well developed and the kind of legs you saw in a silk-stocking ad.

"Sure, miss," I said. "Be glad to."

I followed this up with what is commonly called "a line." Before she left, I had some of my important questions answered. She was the teacher in a small, one-room, frame schoolhouse just north of town, was single, and the daughter of a banker who'd given her a new Ford coupe. Well, it wasn't long before I really got acquainted with "Red," as I called her. We'd park the coupe in the dark shadows at the end of the depot, where I could hear the DS call. I'd hold her in my arms and we'd chat together and listen to New Orleans music over a portable radio.

Red confided to me that her father needed an intelligent young man to work in his bank, and I began selling myself the idea that I'd quit railroading and settle down in a banking job. But one day I got a letter from my buddy in El Paso which said: "Come on out. The SP is hiring trainmen for the melon rush. I have you lined up for a job next week."

Well, as any damfool boomer would, I left the redhead with the musical voice, pointed breasts, and million-dollar legs; and ten days later I was riding high in the cupola at the end of a long string of reefers. The scent of melons, hot lube oil, and coal smoke had replaced the fragrance of Red's Coty perfume. Any guy who'd do a crazy thing like that would have made one helluva banker.—Bill Church, Missouri Pacific conductor, 512 55th Terrace Dr., North Little Rock, Ark. 72118.

In Foreign Lands

IN RUSSIA in Czarist times, convicts exiled to Siberia were crowded like cattle into nightmarish trains and transported eastward, more than 20 prisoners being stuffed into compartments normally used for four passengers. They went unsupplied even with water for 48 hours or more. At journey's end, the corpses of those who had died en route were tossed out like logs.

BUDD COMPANY and its associate in Brazil, Mafersal, have received a $35 million order from Rede Ferroviario Federal S.A. to build 90 stainless steel multiple unit railway passenger cars. The 85-foot-long cars, with four access doors on each side, meet strength requirements of the Association of American Railroads. Delivery is scheduled to begin in early 1976, with completion of the order planned for late 1977. The cars will be operated by E. F. Santos Jundiai Railway in suburban Sao Paulo, Brazil.

EIGHT HUNDRED miles of rail travel for $12! This is the super-bargain (day return ticket) offered by British Rail to boost the new all-electric service between London and Glasgow; 5¼ hours travel time each way, 4 hours shopping time in the Scottish city. For two ladies traveling together, a $39 ticket is offered for out by day and home by night. This includes sleeping berths on the return journey.—Joseph Fox (one of our *Interesting Railfans*), 4 Heathfield, Holden Ave., North Findley, London, N128HY, England.

PULLMAN INC., which in 1972 became the first American company to be accredited by the Soviet Union Ministry of Foreign Trade, opened permanent office facilities in Moscow at 7 Lunacharsky Street on October 16th. "Moving out of temporary space in a hotel to these new facilities is quite a step forward in our trade relationship with the Soviet Union," says S.B. Casey, president. "Our trade with the Soviet Union has now reached about $50 million."

Railroading in Africa

THE FIRST direct rail link between Rhodesia and South Africa is completed It runs for 90 miles from Rutenga in southeast Rhodesia to Beitbridge at the South

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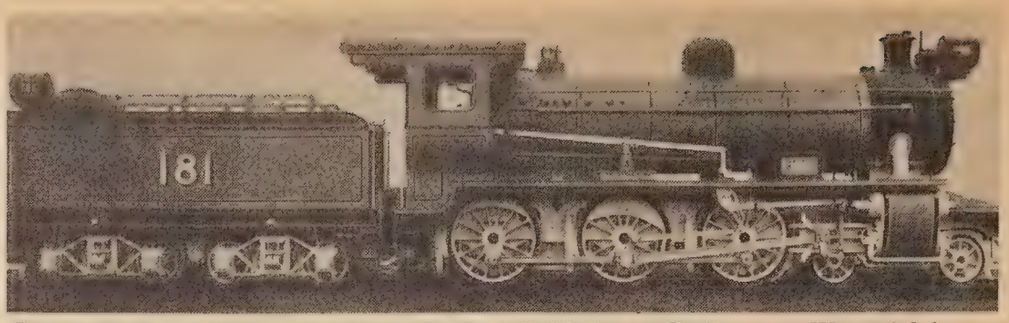

Governor class locos that once ran on Gold Coast Railways, West Africa.

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African border. The first train carrying Rhodesian exports to South African ports ran October first.

The coming of independence for a black-ruled Mozambique spurred construction of the line, the second railroad link to South Africa for white-dominated Rhodesia. The other runs through Botswana.

Construction engineers came up against a jumbo-size problem in outting a rail line through Mozambique's Maputo Game Reserve, reports Reg Shay, P.O. Box 3381, Salisbury, Rhodesia. They found that the reserve's elephants were likely to rip up a line or attack a train. Only after final designs for building the new rail link to the souther tip of Mozambique had been completed did the designers realize the track would run alongside a lagoon favored by the elephants. They then went back to their drawing boards and rerouted the line.

Elsewhere in Africa, six Canadian National officers have left for Nairobi, Kenya, to help manage the 3,600-mile East African Railway system, the latest project of CANAC Consultants Ltd., the international consulting service of CN and Air Canada. The CN team will prepare recommendations for a long-term management contract which would include reorganizing the railway's management structure.

The railway serves three independent nations in Africa—Kenya, Uganda, and Tanzania—and it links inland areas with Indian Ocean ports.

The great Uhuru Railway will connect the copper-rich and landlocked nation of Zambia Tanzania's Indian Ocean port of Dar es Salaam will be finished this.

This nation of 4.5 million people, covering an area about the size of Texas, will, in all likelihood, continue to utilize rails through the Portuguese territories of Angola and Mozambique even though one purpose of the new railway to Dar es Salaam was to make her less dependent on white-ruled territories. ●

New!

A picture essay with written history of CNR's "new" excursion steam engine 6060.

Book has 40 pages, soft cover with wrap around full color photo, 6"x9" format.

Photos include 6060 when new in 1944, rebuilding underway in CNR shops.

Renaissance 6060 -$1.75

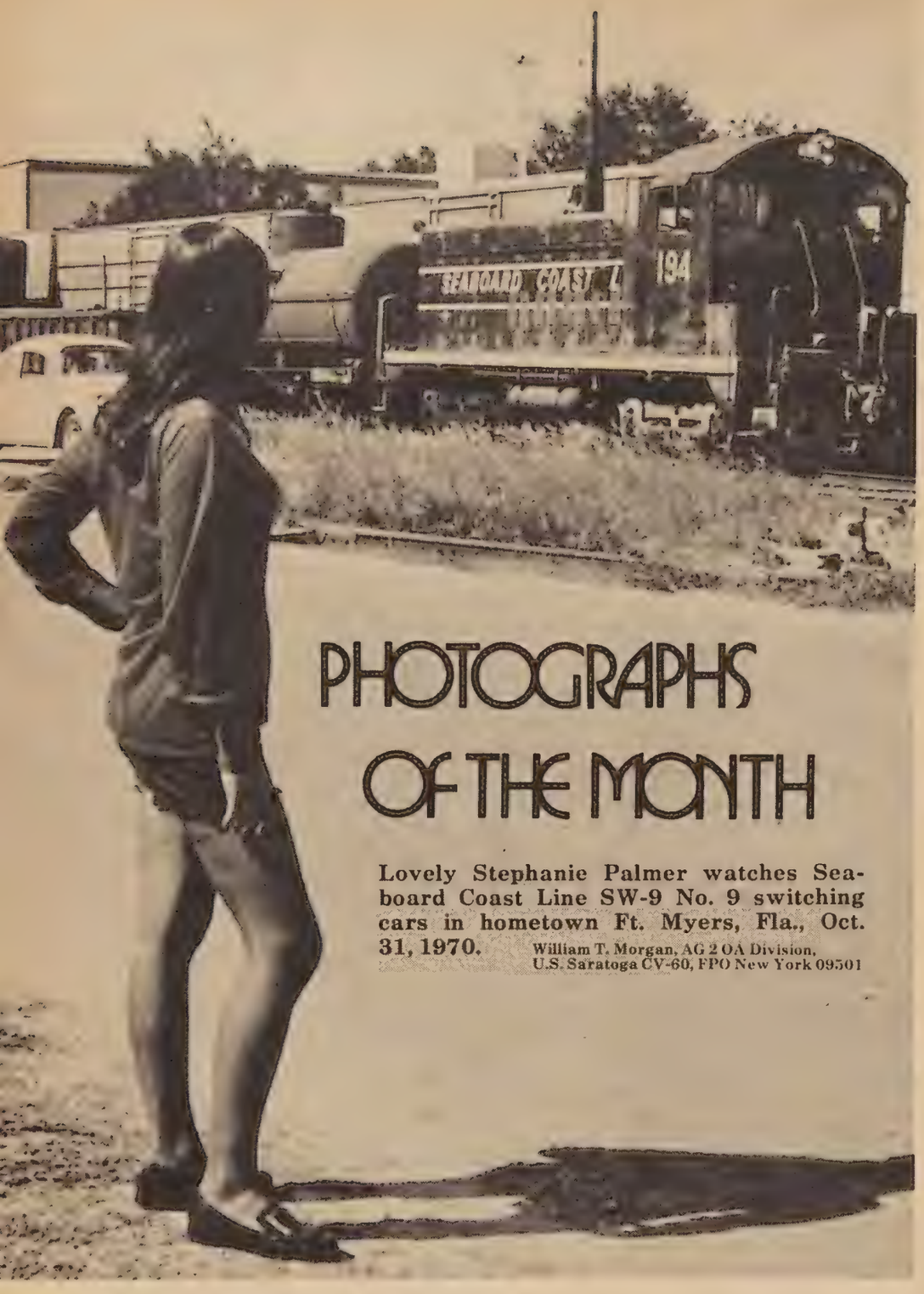
CRHA Publications
P.O.Box 148, St.Constant, Quebec, Canada

"Here it comes, daddy!" Conway Scenic No. 47, a renumbered ex-CN 0-6-0, at North Conway, N.H.

Richard J. Cook, 2876 Fairmoutn Blvd., Cleveland Hts., Ohio 44118

This photo was not posed. Passengers waiting for Amtrak train at Penn Central station, Wilmington, Del., including the gal in the foreground, were lightly clad for a hot, sultry, August day. Photograph by Bob Storks

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MONTH



Lovely Stephanie Palmer watches Seaboard Coast Line SW-9 No. 9 switching cars in hometown Ft. Myers, Fla., Oct. 31, 1970. William T. Morgan, AG 2 OA Division, U.S. Saratoga CV-60, FPO New York 09501

Photo by Fred Clark, Jr.

Sally Robbins of Pinellas Park, Fla., in cab of 4501 at Jacksonville on trip to Valdosta, Ga.,1974.

Photo by Fred Clark, Jr.

Teri Clark was with her dad examining a switch lamp used in Southern Ry. location as a visible indicator for a derail system protecting SCL on a very warm July 3, 1974, at Athens, Ga.

Jill Short of Dundee, Mich., has laid down her back pack to wave at DT&I crew in rural Monroe County on August 22, 1974. Jill loves trains. John Uckley, 414 W. 4th St., Monroe, Mich. 48161

They're off! Re-creation of a famous race of the year 1830, outside B&O Transportation Museum in Baltimore. Engine is replica of the old *Tom Thumb*. Event will be seen on Johnny Cash TV special, "Ridin' the Rails," ABC network, night of Nov. 22.

A waitress photographed five great *Railroad Magazine* contributors at a Los Angeles luncheon on Nov. 4, 1950. Right foreground: Harry Bedwell, author of "Night of Plunder," in this issue. The others (left to right): H. L. Kelso, photographer and author of steam loco articles; Charles Tyler, rail-fiction writer; H. Ryerson, Kelso's railcamera partner, not one of our contributors; Harry K. McClintock, "Haywire Mac," famed for his song, "The Big Rock Candy Mountains," and Wm. F. Knapke, author of book, *The Railroad Caboose*. All contributors were railroad men, now deceased.

Moment of impact. Canadian National brakeman signals the engineer in lead Alco FPA-4 unit as GP-9 is coupled to a long string of CN passenger cars at the Windsor, Ont., station on August 18, 1974. Train is about to become CN Tempo train No. 148, bound for Toronto. Two other brakies wait to connect air-brakes and steam lines.

Photograph by John Uckley

CP Rail snowplow extra works through Donald, B.C., toward dusk on January 4, 1974, on way to Rogers Pass.

W. R. Hooper, Box 1662, Golden, B.C., Canada

Ex-Nickel Plate No. 759 (right) grinds around curve on the Boston & Maine between North Andover, Mass., and White River Jct., Vt., on Boston to Montpelier railfan excursion sponsored by Steamtown on Oct. 27, 1973. (bottom) Smoke in the Florida pines. Tom Cheesborough, is this on the Gold Coast Railroad?

Photos by Thomas P. Cheesborough, Box 324, Coconut Grove Station, Fla, 33133

Barbara Pickard from Ft. Myers, Fla., admires engine bell in Gold Coast Railroad Museum, Ft. Lauderdale, 1971.

Photograph by Thomas P. Cheesborough

RAILROAD

East Broad Top Winter Spectacular with engines 12 and 14 at photo runby near Orbisonia, Pa., in '73. George A. Forero, Jr., 474 W. Scott St., Fond du Lac, Wis. 54935

"Tobacco Road" type shacks of Thomas Shaw (above) and Warren Cresswell (next page); two youths with warped minds who committed murder by wrecking Southern Railway train in long ago 1896 for a few paltry dollars.

The Affair at Stone Creek

by FREEMAN HUBBARD

TWO SHADOWY FIGURES with a lantern picked their way gingerly through the vine-tangled woods of Ocmulgee swamp on a moonless Saturday night in 1896 and stood beside the Stone Creek. The dank air was very still. No sound could be heard but the sullen black water lapping against the wooden trestle that carried 600 feet of the Southern Railway's main line through Georgia. What the two young men said on that occasion is not a matter of record, but it could have been something like this:

A weird cry pierced the darkness and one of them gasped, "What's that?"

"Hoot owl," said the other fearfully. "It's a sign o' death."

"Yeah, Sallie's death. I won't miss her none. That bitch of a wife is always yammerin' about somethin'."

"She ain't bad-lookin', though, an' she's got a helluva good shape. Anyhow, we're fixin' to put her outa the way so's you can git Belle Johnson. That's what you want, ain't it?"

"I want the money, too."

"We both do. Let's git it over with."

Lantern light flickered onto the trestle, faintly illuminating the track near the western bank where the channel ran about nine feet deep. The two fellows set to work. Bending over a rail with a spike-bar and a wrench, grunting and sweating in the chilly weather, they methodically removed the track spikes, bolts, and fish-plates one at a time and dropped each item with a splash into the dark, foul-smelling water. Then, by pushing and tugging the bar, they shoved the heavy rail-section inward about three feet. While they were busy, neither guy spoke a word.

At length one said: "Well, that's done!"

Tossing their tools into the

stream, they picked up the lantern and slunk back into the woods. Only the gurgling water and the owl's tremolo that sinister night of February 29th broke the brooding silence.

MEANWHILE, at the old Macon depot eight miles down the line, passengers were boarding train No. 10, consisting of six wooden-bodied cars and a sturdy Ten-wheeler with a tall stack. Black smoke belching skyward indicated that the fireman, Joe Reddish, was having trouble with his slate-mixed coal—"real estate," the railroaders called it. The lanky throttle artist, Tom Joiner, puffing a corncob pipe, leaned out his cab window to look back past the baggage car, past the two open-platform coaches and the three Pullman sleepers, to the plump form of conductor James T. Lowery, a former Confederate Army captain, gray-haired and wrinkled, who stood waiting on the station platform.

Inside the first car a grizzled baggageman, Francis W. Whippler, was stowing away boxes, trunks, and valises. His lunch pail, tucked into a cubbyhole, held a bottle of lukewarm coffee, two pork sandwiches, an apple, and some spiced cookies freshly baked by his little granddaughter. At 7:30 p.m. Whippler slammed shut the sliding door of his car as the skipper bawled, "All aboard!" and raised an oilburning lantern over his head. Tom Joiner saw the highball. Releasing the air brakes, he opened the throttle. Train No. 10 rumbled out of town and soon was hitting a speed of forty-five.

Lowery and his flagman, Hendrix Solomon, walked through the swaying cars, punching tickets and thrusting hatchecks into masculine hatbands. Both made pleasant remarks to the few women who were aboard. Overhead Pintsch gaslights shone dimly on sleepy passengers. But one man in the first coach, Richard Shaw, sat wide awake. Short and rather elderly, he had silver hair, a straight hard slit of a mouth, and shifty gray eyes. There is reason to believe that he alone, of all the people aboard that train, knew about the loose rail on Stone Creek trestle. His two young female companions did *not* know—neither his daughter-in-law, Sallie Shaw, slim and comely, nor the plain-faced Mrs. Warren E. Creswell. Both ladies were returning to their hillside shacks near Ocmulgee swamp after visiting friends in Macon for a few hours.

Shaw kept fidgeting. He seemed anxious to get off the train before it reached the trestle. When the conductor took his fare, the passenger asked, "Where is our next stop?"

"We stop this side of the Ocmulgee River drawbridge," said Lowery, "but it ain't a passenger stop."

That obviously made no difference to Shaw. The train wheels were still rolling at the bridge approach when he quickly swung off and vanished into the gloom. Tom Rodger, the bridge watchman, glanced at Shaw and lifted his lantern in a highball. No. 10 got under way again—but not for long!

Francis Whippler, in the baggage car, was eating a spiced cookie from his lunch pail. He was offering one to the skipper, who had stepped into the car for a chat, when a terrible thumbing and jolting ensued and the whole world seemed to turn upside down. A million stars fell on the state of Georgia. Whippler "went to glory," as the railroaders used to put it, with a cookie in his hand, too suddenly to realize what had happened.

For a split second engineer Joiner had seen the gap in the steel rail shimmering under his headlight. Frantically shutting off steam, he threw the brake valve into emergency position and reversed his engine. But the Ten-wheeler lunged ahead like a battering ram for at least 400 feet, splintering the ties, her headlight waving madly. Then she toppled over sidewise and gouged out the trestle as she fell 15 feet into the watery mire. Her headlight stuck up grotesquely above the shattered timbers like a flag of truce. All six cars jumped the track and turned over, putting out every light. Screams of terror and pain rent the Stygian darkness.

CONDUCTOR LOWERY knew that a freight train was chugging close behind. Struggling out of the wreckage, he sprinted back to the western bank of Stone Creek to flag her. Not having a lantern, he struck one match after another and waved his pocket handkerchief in a futile gesture.

At the same time, flagman Solomon was crawling over the groaning victims in the last sleeper, which lay on its side partly filled with brackish water. Then he climbed through a shattered window, stood on top of the car's side, and watched the

(Left) Broken remains of locomotive that was hauling passenger train in the marsh at Stone Creek after the wreck. View of Stone Creek wreck (right) showing removed rail, and imprint of wheels on ties. Ill-fated loco ran 430 feet before the train, lying in crumbled heep, toppled off the trestle, killing three men.

freight headlight in the distance grow ominously bigger and bigger. He, too, had no lantern, but he fished his time-card out of his pocket and set it ablaze, holding it up until its ashes fell into the creek.

Charlie Green, the freight hogger, caught sight of the strange beacon just too late to stop his engine from nosing into the grim wreckage, thirteen minutes after the passenger train had piled up. Nine feet of the freight locomotive rested on top of the last sleeper while half a dozen loaded boxcars clattered and bumped their way into the swamp. That night, in addition to the many persons who suffered injuries, three railroad crew men were destined to untimely graves in the red clay of Georgia.

Rescue work began. The baggageman's body was found face downward in sluggish black water, with cat-tails stiffly nodding a requiem above him, and a lifeless hand still clutching one of his granddaughter's spiced cookies. The two fireman, Joe Reddish and W. R. Mercer, died in their cabs, and the two engineers were nursing injuries. Both of the young married women whom Shaw had abruptly deserted at the drawbridge were hurt in the wreck.

The nearest telegraph offices were located at Macon and at Bullard's, each about eight miles away in opposite directions. Flagman Solomon set out afoot for Bullard's to report the bad news. With him went three other men, one of them being Joseph T. Land, the station agent at Bullard's, who had been deadheading on No. 10 but escaped unhurt. At Reed's station, a mile north of the trestle, they boarded a hand-car and nervously pumped their way to Bullard's.

Unaware of their mission, freight conductor R.M. Latimer had sent his two brakemen on foot to Macon and, confused by the excitement, followed them. Midway between Stone Creek and the Ocmulgee River he met two men walking rapidly toward the pile-up: bridge watchman Tom Rodger and the wild-eyed Richard Shaw. Latimer blurted out a brief account of the tragedy.

"Yeah," said Rodger, "we heard a crash and was goin' to see what happened."

Shaw asked quickly, "Was any women killed?"

Latimer shook his head. "I don't think so, but nobody knows yet—things are so torn up."

Shaw said, "My daughter-in-law was on that passenger train."

With that, instead of continuing to walk toward the scene, which would have been perfectly natural, he turned around and followed Rodger home, to spend the night at the bridge-keeper's house. Latimer's jaw dropped in bewilderment. Then he shrugged his shoulders and retraced his steps to Stone Creek, too busy to speculate on reasons why Shaw did not hurry to the side of his daughter-in-law. Back at the scene, he soon found the misplaced rail and pointed it out to trainmaster Trigg. The evidence of foul play was unmistakable!

SOUTHERN RAILWAY officials began to prepare for the litigation they knew would arise from the disaster. The ties on which the tampered rail had originally lain were meticulously numbered 1 to 23, taken up, and saved as evidence. Cinder dicks, Twiggs County law officers, and state inspectors swarmed all over the place. The wreck was photographed. An artist drew an exact map of the damaged trestle from detailed measurements, and the timbers were scrutinized in vain for signs of rottenness.

Meanwhile, a special train dispatched from Hawkinsville had taken care of the hospital cases. Another special had brought police bloodhounds to the spot in hopes of trailing the criminals, but before they arrived so many morbid curiosity seekers had trampled the ground that the hounds were useless. Detectives questioned the natives for miles around. Someone recalled that Jim Sams, a black section worker, had recently reported the breaking of the lock on the railway toolhouse in that vicinity and the theft of a spike-bar and a wrench.

"Could you recognize either of

those tools if you saw them again?" the gandy dancer was asked.

"Yes, suh, the spike-bar," he said, adding that he had put his own mark on it with a cold chisel when he first got it.

Investigators felt sure the train wreckers had used those tools. They combed the creek with a twelve-foot-handled rake; and on Sunday afternoon, the day after the wreck, they brought up not only the spike-bar and wrench but also the spikes, bolts, and fish-plates. Jim identified his private mark. He also gave the first real clue as to whom the criminals might be.

"Early last night," he recollected, "when Ah was waitin' at Reed's depot some time before the wreck, Ah seen Mr. Johnnie Amerson drive up to the depot with Mr. Thomas Shaw's little black mare an' talk with Mr. Warren Creswell an' another man, Ah reckon 'twas Mr. Shaw himself."

The owner of the mare was Sallie's husband, Richard Shaw's son, a cousin of Johnnie Amerson. The Shaws and Amersons were near neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Creswell. Their friends refused to attach any significance to the section hand's testimony, while the Southern Railway offered $1,000 reward leading to arrest and conviction of the guilty parties, whoever they were. Georgia's Governor Atkinson added a reward of $250 for each person convicted.

Slim and comely Sallie Shaw, together with Mattie Cresswell, had boarded train at Macon, unaware of husbands' death plot.

As the search progressed, young Shaw and Creswell fell more and more under suspicion. Those two fellows, with their families, lived in small, decaying, frame shacks at the foot of Brown's Mountain, a mile east of Stone Creek and within sight of passing trains. Between the two cabins, a narrow stream and a dirt road wound around the mountain to Reed's station. The house occupied by the Shaws and cousin Johnnie had but two rooms, separated by a wide and open areaway. Warren and Mattie Creswell lived as man and wife even more primitively in a one-room pinpole pen covered with boards. Neither place was fenced in. The furnishings of both shacks were as crude as the old structures.

FROM this bleak spot there were two ways of reaching Macon by rail. You could have boarded a Southern Railway train at Reed's station, three and a half miles south of the two houses, or you could have gone to Swift's depot, a mile and a half to the north, and taken a train there on the Macon, Dublin & Savannah line. Between those routes was a difference of nearly two miles through sparsely settled country, a factor of no small importance in the Stone Creek crime.

Several clues led to the foot of Brown's Mountain and detectives soon learned that the shanty life there was far from happy. Young Mrs. Shaw, a shapely brunette but not very bright, claimed that her husband often treated her harshly. Both he and Warren Creswell had juvenile delinquency records. At age fourteen Warren had been whipped publicly for stealing a horse. Gossiping neighbors allowed, with winks and smirks, that even after Tom and Sallie had got hitched they'd seen Tommie take one gal after another for a walk in the woods.

Mattie Cresswell helped put the finger on her husband, Warren, and Thomas Shaw, for train wreck they had caused.

Sallie confirmed this gossip. "We wasn't married very long," she told a law officer, "afore Tommie got into trouble by writin' indecent letters to a young lady in the community an' ran away from home."

He stayed away several months, according to the neglected wife, meanwhile working as a farm hand and making love to a big-bosomed, and very sexy blonde named Belle Johnson, the farmer's housekeeper.

"Durin' all that time," Sallie went on, "I lived with my father in Jones County. After a while Tommie come back an' sent for me, but when I went to him I seen no change in his conduct. He was still cruel to me. At first I didn't suspect anything wrong, thinkin' he just wanted me back because I was his wife; but I soon heard he'd been passin' himself off as single. He told me so. Bragged about it. Said he'd been havin' fun with Belle Johnson; but I didn't think too much of his conduct, as he'd been doin' such things ever since we was married."

A few weeks after that tentative reunion, Tommie and Warren began acting rather suspiciously. Later events convinced Sallie that they had deliberately and wickedly tried to wreck the train on which they knew she and Mattie Creswell would be riding, so that they

could collect damages from the Southern Railway for the death or injuries of their wives. She suspected, too, that Tommie wanted to get rid of her anyhow and marry Belle Johnson.

"They didn't tell me anything about a plan to wreck the train," she said with an air of resignation, "but I can understand now some of the things that puzzled me before. For instance, on the Monday before the wreck, Tommie asked: 'Sallie, do you want to go to Macon, Saturday?' I asked him what for. He said: 'I want you to go with Pa an' make him remember to git me a horse collar an' a plow pin. He's goin' up there then an' you can go along with him.' I said, 'All right,' an' Tommie went over to Mr. Jim Andrews an' borrowed money enough to send both me an' Mattie to Macon. It struck me that he was gettin' mighty generous all of a sudden, but I didn't pay no attention to it."

Tommie stayed home, Sallie said, still talking to the law officer, while Warren drove the two wives and "Old Man Shaw" in his buggy to the Swift depot. There they boarded the Macon, Dublin & Savannah train for Macon, and Warren drove back home alone.

SALLIE continued: "I spent the day with friends in Macon an' I got Pa to buy me enough calico to make me a pretty bonnet. That's all I spent durin' the visit. But if Pa bought anything himself I didn't know about it. On our way back to the train that night to go home I asked Pa about the horse collar and the slide. He said he'd forgot them an' it was too late now to go back after them."

She explained that the MD&S train they had taken to Macon was scheduled to return about three p.m. but that her father-in-law didn't want to ride on it, even though it would have taken them much nearer to their homes than the Southern train would.

"No," he said, "we'll wait till night an' go by the Southern to Reed's. If we should get hurt on the MD&S we'd git nothin' for our injuries, but if it happens on the Southern they will pay us."

Whether or not Pa actually knew that his son and Warren

Another passenger train wreck on the Southern, unlike the one at Stone Creek, occured on August 17, 1930, at Chappells, S.C., when engine No. 1087 hit a cow, was derailed, and turned over, killing her crew and the cow. Can any reader send us further details on the 1930 pile-up?

Creswell were removing the rail at that time was one of the disputed points in the Stone Creek affair. His actions that day were queer, to say the least, but he never faced trial and there was no proof of his guilt.

"On the return trip we didn't talk much," Sallie recalled. "Pa said he wanted to git off at the drawbridge an' let us go on down to Reed's station. It seems he was fixin' to see his friend Tom Rodger, the bridge-keeper, about some cats."

That night Sallie and Mattie, both cut and bruised, were lifted out of the wreckage and taken on a hand-car to Reed's station. There a sympathetic neighbor started to drive them home in his buggy, but the two young husbands met them with Tommie's buggy and took them the rest of the way, the women riding in the small vehicle and the two men trudging behind.

Tommie asked his wife, "Was you hurt much?"

Sallie nodded. "Of course, I was hurt."

She spent several days in bed recuperating. One of her visitors was the gaunt and middle-aged Mrs. Adeline Rogers, a distant relative of her husband's. Mrs. Rogers paced the bedroom floor, moaning and sighing.

"I don't know what in the world to do," she complained.

"Do about what?" Sallie asked.

"Well," the visitor replied, "Tommie wants me to swear for him. He says they're gonna arrest him for wreckin' those trains. They'll surely break his neck if I don't swear I seen him sick abed on the day of the wrecks. He wants me to testify that I was at his home before sundown an' seen him in bed an' he stayed there till I went home at ten minutes to eight o'clock."

Sallie listened quietly and with mounting suspicion as Mrs. Rogers rambled on.

"I don't know what to do, Sallie. I'm afraid. If I swear, maybe God will snatch my life away in the courtroom." She paced the floor again. At length she decided, "I reckon it's no sin to lie to save somebody's life. If the rest of 'em do it, I will, too."

TEN DAYS after the wrecks, Tommie, Warren, and Johnnie were lodged in jail at Macon. While they were waiting to be arraigned, Tommie wrote an incriminating letter to Jim Andrews, from whom he had borrowed the money to send the women on the ill-fated train trip. This letter, urging Jim to help him in framing an

alibi, eventually fell into the hands of the prosecution and was used against him in court.

At the time of arraignment, however, the state did not have enough evidence to warrant holding any of the three suspects, so they were released. Two days afterward, a Southern Railway claim agent called at the Shaw home and paid Sallie $350 to settle for her injuries. As soon as he left the shack, Tommie took charge of the money; and he later spent all but 75 cents of it on himself. The same agent also settled with Mattie Creswell.

The culprits might have avoided trial altogether if young Shaw had been able to hold his tongue; but Tommie had the "hoof and mouth disease"—he gallivanted around and talked too much. He must have had a guilty conscience and felt impelled to justify himself, for a week after his release he went voluntarily to the home of James H. Smith, the deputy sheriff of Twiggs County, with a fantastic story. He said Warren had visited his home on Sunday, March 18th, and confessed to having removed the rail that caused the wrecks.

Smith listened with a poker face. He had been quietly keeping tabs on the suspects and he knew that Warren Creswell could not possibly have seen Tommie at the time and place mentioned, Tommie had spent that entire day on his father-in-law's farm in Jones County, many miles away; but the deputy was too shrewd to remind his caller of that fact. Lawyers said later that this one statement by Tommie Shaw, as damaging to the defense as it was unexpected, did more than anything else to sew up the case.

Deputy Smith at once re-arrested Warren. The prisoner's face clouded with anger when he learned what his pal had said.

"If Tommie Shaw has been talkin'," he promised, "I will tell you all I know. But if he hasn't, you can cut my throat before I'll admit anything."

A few days afterward Warren was convinced that his accomplice had, indeed, "spilled the beans." Thereupon he gave the law officers a statement that began, "Me an' Tommie Shaw wrecked those trains . . ."

On March 28th, nearly a month after the disaster, Warren was arraigned at a makeshift court of justice in Bond's general store and blacksmith shop, not far from his one-room shack, and there he repeated his confession, adding more details.

"I went to work an' drew the spikes," he explained, "an' Tommie took out two of the bolts an' I done the balance. An' on our way home we heard the train when it run off, an' he says: 'Farewell, by God, she's gone! My wife tried to swear my life away once an' now, by God, I reckon she'll get her'n.' An I said: 'I reckon you got your father as well, ain't you?' He said: 'No, Pa got off at the bridge.' "

TOMMIE'S face blanched and he twisted his fingers while his pal was testifying. He had gone to the hearing prepared to back up the statement he had made to Mr. Smith incriminating Warren. On this occasion he was dressed so flashily that neighbors and kinfolk could hardly recognize him. From head to foot he sported new clothes, even a showy gold watch and chain, which he toyed with self-consciously. This merchandise he had bought with "blood money" that the railway claim agent had paid Sallie.

But Tommie himself was not asked to take the stand at the hearing. Instead, he and his father were arrested, right there in Bond's store and blacksmith shop, on a charge of conspiracy to wreck a train and commit murder. The case against Richard Shaw was based largely on Mattie Creswell's testimony that a few days before the Stone Creek affair she had heard the old man say, "We'll wreck a train an' kill all the people an' we can git a lot of money." Nevertheless, when the case went to the grand jury two weeks later and Tommie and Warren were indicted, the old man, for some unexplained reason, was set free.

The two prisoners were tried separately, beginning with Warren on May 8th. Scenes outside the two-story frame courthouse at Jeffersonville, the Twiggs County seat, had some of the aspects of a county fair. Horses and mules, hitched to buggies and farm wagons from miles around, were tied to the town's hitching posts. Farmers and their families, with hampers full of plain food, had driven into Jeffersonville to attend

Switcher *Maud,* built in '88, was running on Southern in Georgia at time of Stone Creek wreck. The Atlanta Railroad Museum has had her since '59. Elmer J. Braswell, Jr., 1581 Melrose Drive, S.W., Atlanta, Ga.

This engine, too, 3805, built by N.Y. Locomotive Works in 1884, was burnishing Southern rails in 1896.
Harold K. Vollrath, 2524 Meriwether Rd., Shreveport, La.

court. Patent medicine dealers hawked their questionable wares in eloquent terms. Vendors of weak lemonade were there, and horse swappers, a loud-voiced religious fanatic, and even a seedy-looking man proclaiming how wealth could be obtained through patent rights.

Warren pleaded not guilty. He said his confession had been extorted by threats of punishment and promises of leniency. A long procession of witnesses, wreck survivors and others, followed one another onto the stand and a brilliant array of legal talent shot off forensic fireworks.

Defense counsel maintained that Stone Creek trestle had given way because of rotten timbers and that Southern railroaders had removed the rail from under the wreckage as as to save the company from paying damages. But experts proved that the trestle had not been decayed and that nobody could possibly have lifted the rail from under the wreckage without jacking up one of the cars in plain view of many spectators.

The jury took one hour to reach its verdict, "Guilty, with a recommendation for life imprisonment," and Warren Creswell exchanged his dishonorable name for a number in the harsh convict camp at Kramer, Georgia, where he eventually died.

AN ICY WIND was whistling through the dilapidated old courthouse at Jeffersonville in the following December when Tommie Shaw faced the bar of justice. Mrs. Adeline Shaw swore, as she had told Sallie she would, that she'd seen the defendant sick in bed in his home at the time of the wrecks; but neighbors punctured this alibi so full of holes that Tommie's face turned ashen gray as he listened to them. Even so, the jury could not agree on a verdict, and the judge ordered a new trial in April, 1897. In the meantime, Tommie's worn-out mother died of worry and a complication of diseases. Defense attorneys stressed the pathos of that death in sentimental pleas to the jury.

But white-haired Colonel Nathaniel E. Harris of the prosecution staff retorted to this by paraphrasing Shakespeare: "If I were a mind to harrow your feelings, appeal to your sympathies, and incite you to wrath, I might dig up from the swamps of Stone Creek the three innocent victims who went down to death with the wreck of those trains. I could bring their naked bones, their fleshless jaws, their socketless eyeballs, to rattle them in the face of this jury . . ."

He also denounced Tommie's "guilty love" for Belle Johnson and put Belle herself on the stand to tell the court what had happened during the three or four months that the defendant lived away from his wife in the role of a single man.

Finally, as young Shaw's second trial neared a close, the defense called upon Warren Creswell to testify, bringing him up from the convicts' camp, still wearing his felon's suit. The spectators gasped, but Warren stared straight ahead. His mood was understandably bitter. Once more he repudiated his confession and insisted he had been tricked into making it by threats and promises. He was

careful to charge that the pressure had been put on him by men who lived at some distance from Jeffersonville, naming five prominent citizens, all of whom resided from 62 to 72 miles away.

The astute Colonel Harris interpreted this strategy to mean that Warren Creswell felt pretty safe in accusing men who could not be available to answer his charges. If that device succeeded, there was little chance that the jury would convict Tommie Shaw. The first trial had resulted in a hung jury. For a few moments the state's case seemed about to collapse.

THEN came a dramatic rebuttal. At 9:48 a.m., while Warren was still talking, all of the five men he had named were notified by wire and special messenger service to be waiting down by the depot in either Hawkinsville or Cochran for a fast special train that was being dispatched for the sole purpose of picking them up and bringing them to Jeffersonville.

It was 10:20 when the train, with a hastily assembled crew eager to avenge the death of their three fellow workers at Stone Creek, pulled out of Macon with its locomotive whistle screaming and driving wheels racing madly. Everything else on the line was side-tracked for the special.

The state kept Warren on the stand, plying him with questions, as the big clock on the courtroom wall slowly ticked away the minutes. Noon came. An hour's recess for lunch. Then the witness was recalled to the stand. The thin little convict in a striped suit was still being cross-examined, as state attorneys kept glancing at the clock, when just before four o'clock the shrill triumphant whistle of a locomotive electrified the courtroom. That train must have broken all local speed records.

Spectators craned their necks toward the door. In strode a group of surprise witnesses with stern faces. All were men of high standing in their communities. Their characters had been impeached and they were bent on ripping that impeachment to shreds. One by one they took the oath. One by one they blasted the defendant's last hope to win by default.

The jig was up. After the smoke of legal battle had cleared away, the trembling and white-faced Tommie Shaw was sent to join his shifty-eyed pal for a life term in the bleak prison camp at Kramer. Few people were sorry to see him go. Certainly not his good-looking and much-abused wife, Sallie, to whom he had given only two bits in cash and half a dollar's worth of snuff out of the $350 that the claim agent had paid her for being injured in the affair at Stone Creek.

Photograph by Frank Coldfelter

Black smoke and a telltale on the Southern Railway many years ago.

IN SEARCH OF STEAM

Mike Eagleson

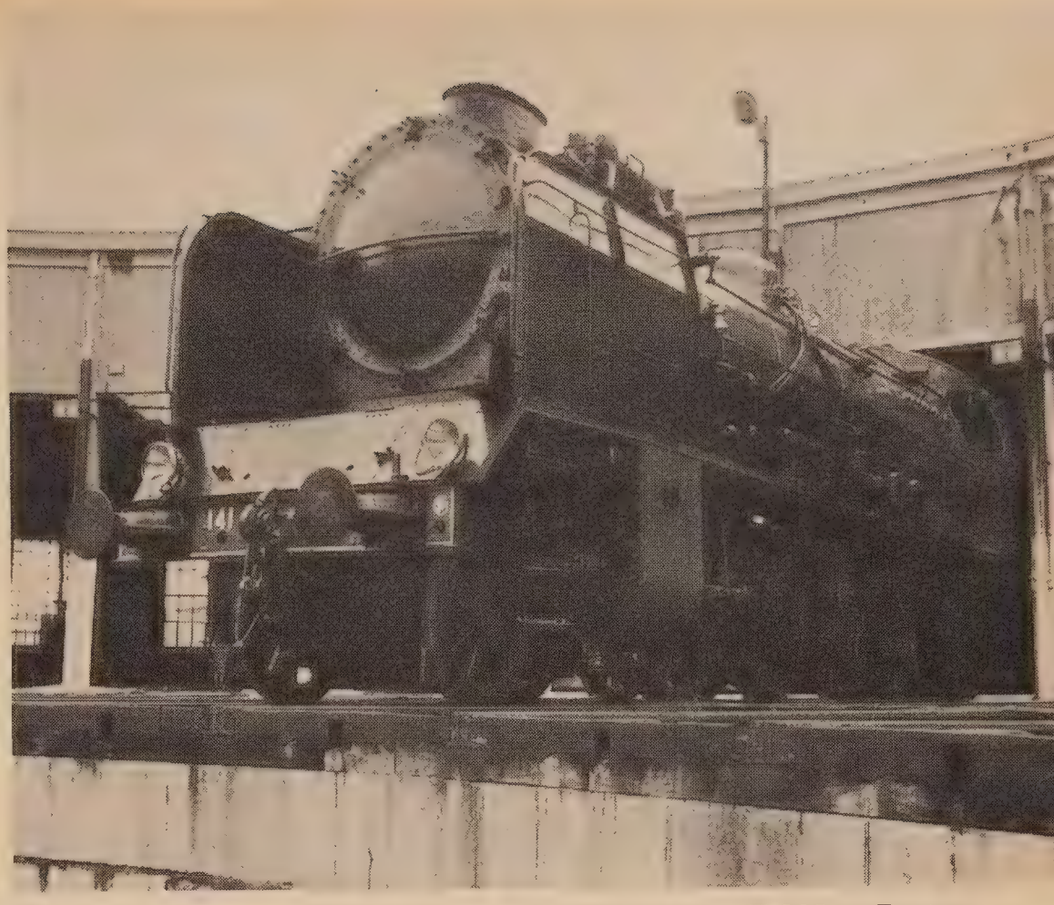
STEAM is battling snow again this winter on the Cumbres & Toltec Scenic. As Clovis Butterworth, agent for the C&TS, points out, its trains are subject to last-minute cancellation, due to the weather. I don't think service would be knocked out by too much snow, but more likely by the lack of it. However, anyone who has been on that run between Chama and Cumbres will tell you that the white stuff is usually deep from late December on until April. Even in May, Denver & Rio Grande Western narrow-gage men sometimes have snow problems. Those planning to make this Rotary snowplow Special on Jan. 11th and 12th behind ex-D&RGW rotary OM, should keep in touch with Clovis and last minute weather reports.

Incidentally, C & TS is closer to becoming a legal operation as far as Congress is concerned, according to Colorado Midland Chapter of NRHS newsletter, *Rails*. Because the Constitution provides that no state can enter into a compact with another state without the consent of Congress, the House voted Sept. 16th to give that consent and passed the bill favoring the C&TS to the Senate, which had passed it earlier, prior to a technical House amendment.

ONE of the best picture postcard steam railroad Christmas scenes is staged on the Edaville R.R. at South Carver, Mass., from Thanksgiving Day until a week after Dec. 25th. Smoke and steam from the beautiful ex-Monson and ex-Bridgeton & Harrison Maine narrow-gage locos blend in well with Yule decorations. Motel and restaurant accommodations at Cape Cod are always available, even at this season. Two railfan organizations, NY Chapter of Railway & Locomotive Historical Society and the Mass. Bay Railroad Enthusiasts, plan to be at Edaville on the same Saturday, Dec. 7th. It gets cold around those cranberry bogs, so wear your woolies, if you go there.

SANTE FE railfans and many interested employes were excited recently when an unusual train moved over a portion of the road's Coast Lines from Los Angeles to Albuquerque. Included were No. 1010, a Prairie type, rolling dead on her own wheels, and No. 5, known as *Little Buttercup,* enjoying a ride atop a flat car. Transfer of the famous steam engines to their destination for storage in the roundhouse at Albuquerque was made as a means of protecting them from vandals and the elements. The move was made at very restricted speeds, with stops at all major mainline points for servicing.

Built in 1901 by Baldwin, No. 1010 is the last existing engine used in the record-breaking Los Angeles-Chicago run of Walter P. Scott ("Death Valley Scotty") in July, 1905. Nineteen steamers and eight engine crews were used in the trip, which set a speed record, covering the 2,267 miles in 44 hours and 54 minutes. *Little Buttercup* was formerly No. 2419, built in June, 1900, by Baldwin. She last saw regular service at Needles, Calif., as a roundhouse switcher and later went to San Bernardino, where the company shops transformed her into an exhibit piece for the Chicago Railroad Fair in 1948. At that time she was renumbered 5 and named after the original loco which for many years pulled the paycar around the Santa Fe system to pay the employees in cash. Both locos have appeared in major movies.



Recently refurbished French National's Mikado 141-F 282 at Portes-les-Valence engine terminal before going to National Ry. Museum, Mulhouse. William Laechnal, 8 rue Adrien Ricard 38000-Grenoble, France

JOHNNIE J. WORKMAN, 841 13th St., Kenova, W. Va. 25530, wants a history of Kenova and surrounding areas, including any material on the Baltimore & Ohio, Chesapeake & Ohio, and Norfolk & Western. Who can tell him about any of the steamers used there?

LAST SPRING a story appeared in the Pacific Northwest about the sale of the Banks-Veronia R.R. Anyone know if it was sold and who bought it? The road was a true symbol of the old Northwest logging days. I understand its last steam loco is on display at Cottage Grove, Ore., while the coaches are now part of the Black Hills Central operation in South Dakota. These coaches were orginally used on the Oregon Electric, which ran from 1910 to 1933.

CASEY JONES buffs will be interested in reading *A Monograph on Casey Jones and The Wreck at Vaughn.* It's a 7x9½", soft-cover, complete account of Casey's last ride and the wreck at Vaughn, Miss., in the early morning of April 30, 1900. The wreck report, pix of the 382, before and after being rebuilt, and one version of the poem about Casey are included on 26 pages for $2. Copies can be had from the author, Bruce Gurner, Rte. 3, Water Valley, Miss. 38965.

PASSENGER TRAIN SURVEY

A NEW TRAIN, the *Blue Water,* now runs daily in each direction between Chicago and Port Huron, Mich. Subsidized by the State of Michigan, it has restored rail service between Lansing, Durand, Flint, Lapeer, and Port Huron, and expanded service to Battle Creek, Kalamazoo, Niles, and Chicago.

On Sept. 20th, under a special charter, the *Las Vegas Celebrity Train* returned rail passenger service to Las Vegas. It departs from Los Angeles each Sunday, Friday, and some Wednesdays. Amtrak is providing it under contract with Las Vegas Charter, a private company, using equipment from Amtrak's *Sunset Limited,* which operates thrice weekly between Los Angeles and New Orleans.

A new Disney World Terminal opened Sept. 16th at Poinciana. The *Floridian,* which links Chicago with Florida, and the *Champion,* running between New York and Florida, now make regular stops at Amtrak's new Poinciana station.

Other cities also began receiving Amtrak service, or additional trains, as of Sept. 15th. Northampton, Mass., the home of several colleges and universities is an experimental stop for the *Montrealer;* while East Olympia, Wash., now has extra service on Amtrak's Seattle-Portland local trains. Martinez, Calif., became a stop for both the *San Francisco Zephyr* and *Coast Starlight;* and Orland, Calif., is now a stop for the *Starlight* on a trial basis. Martinez serves as a transfer point between north-south and east-west routes in California.

Two Arkansas cities, Walnut Ridge and Newport, became trial stops on the *Inter-American;* and Valley City, N.D., is served on the same basis for the first time by the *North Coast Hiawatha.* In addition, stations at Canton and Lima, Ohio, on the route of the New York-Chicago *Broadway Limited,* will be manned.

Effective Sept. 15th, Amtrak's Chicago-Seattle train, the *North Coast Hiawatha,* is back to three-times-a-week runs between Minneapolis and Seattle. It had been daily during the summer months, providing extra service to the Spokane World's Fair. It will continue to run daily between Chicago and Minneapolis. Extra sections of the *North coast Hiawatha* will provide added service for Yuletide.

Amtrak's other Chicago-Seattle train, the *Empire Builder,* remains in daily operation throughout the fall-winter-spring seasons. A new York-St. Petersburg consist, the *Champion,* now departs from St. Petersburg at 8:10 a.m., two hours and 20 minutes earlier than it previously did, reaching New York at 9:50 next morning. The northbound *Silver Star* now leaves Florida points about two hours earlier than its previous schedule, reaching New York at 6:15 p.m. next day.

When Amtrak's winter Florida schedule goes into effect Dec. 13th southbound, a new daily train, the *Miamian,* will be added for the tourist season. It will depart from New York's Penn Station at 12:35 p.m. and reach Miami at 1:50 p.m. next day. Northbound, effective Dec. 15th, the *Miamian* will depart from Miami at 3:40 p.m. and arrive in New York the following afternoon at 4:50.

Amtrak reduced fares on its runs west of Chicago on Sept. 8th by an average of about 9 percent. But effective Sept. 15th, fares to Michigan points rose upon inauguration of the Chicago-Port Huron service. Chicago-Detroit fares are now $15, an increase of $1.25.

Amtrak expects its Norfolk-Cincinnati passenger service to begin by next March and will synchronize the new train with the existing train between Washington and Newport News to Chicago to provide through service to and from Chicago. According to Roger Lewis, Amtrak president, the new new train will leave Norfolk westbound in early afternoon, pass through eastern West Virginia in the evening, and reach Cincinnati around 7 a.m. next day. Eastbound, it will leave Cincinnati in late evening, arriving at Welch and Bluefield, W. Va., in the morning and Norfolk in the afternoon.

Final decisions on the train's equipment are still to be made, but it will have coaches, sleeping cars, and lounge and hot food facilities. So far, Amtrak has authorized almost $2 million for stations, track, and facilities on the new route.

Elsewhere, Amtrak will delay the start of an experimental Indianapolis-Florida auto ferry service. After studying equipment needs, operating problems, marketing projections, and probable costs, the board of directors made this decision. Lack of equipment for quality service and an unfavorable economic projection influenced the decision. The necessary locomotives, coaches, sleepers, and food-service cars, all in critically short supply, would have had to have been diverted from other busy routes.

AMTRAK'S two French-built Turboliners completed their first year of service on Oct. 1, having run 300,000 miles while achieving what is claimed to be a 92 percent reliability record. The two red-white-and blue trains carried about 200,000 passengers a total of 40 million passenger miles on their runs between Chicago and St. Louis.

These trains were typed as experimental when Amtrak leased them from ANF-Frangeco, the French manufacturer who was producing such trains for the French National Railways. They scored such a hit with American travelers that Amtrak responded by buying the two trains now in service and ordering four more for the Midwest. In addition, seven trains based on the French design will be built in the U.S. by Rohr Corp. for New York-Boston service. Ridership for the first eight months of 1974 on the Chicago-St. Louis route, where the two

Photograph by George A. Forero, Jr.

Burlington Northern *Empire Builder* leaving Minneapolis in 1971.

turbos and one conventional train run each day, rose 32 percent over the same period last year.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY has an agreement whereby Amtrak's nationwide toll-free system handles Southern info and reservations. Info on all Southern train service is included, along with Amtrak services, in the computers. Ticketing for Southern's trains and Amtrak trains, as well as connections between the two, will be possible by 24-hour, toll-free telephone. Southern will pay Amtrak for the cost of the computer services plus all supplied equipment installed on Southern.

Amtrack installed the ARTS (Automatic Reservation and Ticketing System) in the Northeast Corridor in April 1973. The system has since been expanded until it now provides 24-hour, daily, toll-free, public telephone access for all Amtrak intercity rail passenger services.

Sun-bathed Amtrak electric loco arrives at Paoli, Pa., in Feb. 1974.

Bob Storks, 1421 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

Amtrak Air Fares

PERHAPS one shouldn't be too harsh on the Amtrak officials who spent $750,000 in 16 months on air fares when they could have ridden free on Amtrak's own trains, the *Indianapolis News* editorializes. The 322 who chose to fly from Washington to Chicago instead of take the *James Whitcomb Riley* no doubt were aware that last July the Federal Railroad Administration ordered 67 miles of the Penn Central track from Chicago to Louisville closed.

After finding 1,329 defects, the FRA ruled the 67 miles were unsafe at any speed. The *James Whitcomb Riley* had to make a long detour to get to Chicago.

Meanwhile, the *Floridian,* which has suffered three wrecks so far this year, was forced to make a long detour to get from Chicago to Miami. In the first seven months of this year, Amtrak had 26 wrecks, as compared with 22 in all of last year. It had three wrecks in just one day, July 5.

Amtrak runs 25 round-trips daily between New York and Washington. The trip by rail is almost as fast as the trip by air, because Pennsylvania Station is right in the middle of New York and Union Station in the middle of Washington. Yet Amtrak officials spent $31,000 in those 16 months on air travel in the northeast corridor.

Anyone who has ever attempted to phone either Penn Station or Union Station to make a reservation will understand why. All he gets is a busy signal. After 30 minutes, he just gives up. He doesn't realize that, if he'd waited for 31 minutes, someone would have answered.

In all justice, Amtrak's deficiencies are not basically of Amtrak's doing. Most of the tracks on which it runs are Penn Central tracks, and Penn Central was coming apart even before it crashed in the most spectacular bankruptcy in U.S. history. Then-chairman Stuart Saunders, a Philadelphia lawer, who has never made any secret of the fact that he can't stand railroads and refuses to set foot in one, poured money that should have been used to maintain the road into real estate and other ventures.

The Government has avoided coping with the problem ever since. It merely has kept pouring money into Amtrak to keep running trains on roadbeds its own FRA rules unsafe. It's hard to blame Amtrak officials for preferring to fly.

News from Canada

EFFECTIVE Oct. 1st, CP Rail has increased by 11 percent fares on all of its Montreal-area commuter trains.

This affects all classes of tickets: monthly flash cards, intermediate flash cards, single fares, and even school fares, on the Lakeshore, Ste. Therese, and Farnham services. The higher fares were made necessary, CP Rail said, by sharp increases in labor and material costs.

Since Sept. 1st, Canadian National commuters have been paying almost 20 percent more. CN also introduced half-price commuter fares for senior citizens.

ELEVEN railroads belt Canada together. Some are just for industry; but others, such as the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian National, and the Ontario Northland, are for passengers too. The longest trip—and most enthralling—is offered by both the CN and the CP. It goes completely across Canada in four days and three nights. You can take more time (a year if you want) by stopping to ski at Banff, to rent a car or a canoe in Winnipeg, or to watch the Calgary Stampede. There's a slight price adjustment if you do.

For travelers with more exotic tastes, there's the *Polar Bear Express* offered by Ontario Northland. Passengers start the 18-hour ride on the CN in Toronto, switch to the Express at Cochrane, and go through the wilderness to Moosonee, where the Arctic begins. On the way you'll see power dams, rapids, mines, and more beauty than you ever knew there was.

On all Canadian trains children under five (with adults) travel free and those under 12 pay half-fare. CN has a youth fare as well. For information, write CN, Union Station, Toronto, or CP Passenger Services, Montreal, or Ontario Northland, North Bay, Ontario.

HE'S BOTH AN ENGINEER AND A CONDUCTOR

Norman S. Cole

Interesting Railfan No. 144

by FREEMAN HUBBARD

Hoghead Norman S. Cole at the throttle of Black River & Western loco.
N. Kent Loudon, Box 202, Peapack, N.J. 02977

BACK in 1935, when he was fourteen, Norman S. Cole sent a request to *Railroad Magazine* for someone to help him get started in building a model railroad. He got only one answer. Cy Keating of Milford, Conn., not only supplied the know-how but gave the kid a tinplate engine and track and took him to New York City to see the intricate railroad layout of the New York Society of Model Engineers, then located in the Kickerbocker Building.

"I haven't seen that man in 35 years," Norm tells us, "but if he is living I wish he'd write to me."

Norm has taken some railroad pictures, but his main hobby interest is models, dating back almost to the day of his birth, September 3, 1921. His father, Samuel Cole, a brakeman on the Lehigh & Hudson River for 38 years, saw to it that the lad had a Lionel train even before he was old enough to play with it.

Our hero's present layout in 0 scale, 24x40 inches, in his home at 3528 Glen Ave., Easton, Pa. 18042, is one of the largest in his area. He has about 100 feet of track, 15 engines, and over 100 cars. His dedication to this hobby is such that he actually built tunnels through the walls of his home to run trains from one room to another. A tinplate collection is displayed in his cellar.

Even more important is Norm's work in bigtime railroading. He's a Lehigh Valley conductor, formerly on the *Black Diamond*, now on freight. We're printing a Valley roster this month in his honor. He is also a volunteer locomotive engineer on the Black River & Western, a standard-gage steam tourist line between Ringoes and Flemington, N.J. Maybe other men are simultaneously holding jobs like mainline skipper and tourist-line hogger, but we don't know of any. If there are, we'd like to write them up as *Interesting Railfans*.

Norm was born at Phillipsburg, N.J., and raised by his paternal grandmother. In his early years he lived about a quarter-mile from a Delaware, Lackawanna & Western branch line. He liked to sit at his bedroom window and watch the switching of cars and the rush of passenger trains, most of them pulled by ten-wheeled Camelbacks.

"Dad kept me posted on the engine numbers on his trains and how many cars each one pulled," he recalls, "but would never let me hang around the tracks. I daren't disobey—his strong, broad hand packed a good wallop. Although a railroad man himself, he didn't want me to follow him into that field. On June 20, 1941, when I hired out as a brakeman on the LV and told Dad about it, he said: 'Here is three dollars. Go get your head examined'."

But that is going ahead of our story. Norm's first paid job, in his high school days, was carrying newspapers for the enormous sum of 40 cents a week before he got his own route. In high school he was on the football team and played a trumpet in the school band and orchestra. One day his father asked, "How would you like to meet a nice girl?"

Norm said: "Let's go, and where?"

Dad explained. "I'm going to see one of my engineers, Irvin Herschner, who is ill. His daughter Dorothy is good-looking."

That sounded just fine to our future *Interesting Railfan*. Later, he learned that Dorothy was not only a hogger's daughter but also the granddaughter of a Reading passenger conductor known as "Hennie." According to Norm: "Hennie was quite a ladies' man and very jolly. His wife often accused him of 'feeling the ladies,' whatever that means, as he helped passengers down from the coaches."

ANYHOW, on that eventful day, not having a car, the two Coles walked to the Kerschner home, about a mile away, the man in a somber mood because of his friend's failing health and the son light-heartedly eager to meet a new girl.

"Dorothy proved to be a lovely dark blonde with a ready smile, demure brown eyes, and things in the right places," Norm recalls. "She was just about to start her freshman term in the high school where I was a sophomore."

Dot picks up the tale at this point. "I liked Norm all right enough, and yet his visit upset me. I had planned to meet a boy friend that night, but because Norm and his father were coming I wasn't allowed out of the house. A few weeks later I saw Norm again, at school. It was my first day there and we had the same study hall, in which the boys and girls were separated. He sent a note asking me for a date, over to the girls' side, to be passed on to me. I was surprised and thrilled. Norm was full of fun and life; also thoughtful and mannerly. All through our high school course we went together steady, more or less, and kept it up for three years after my graduation.

"Our idea of a big date may seem tame to young people today. We'd go to a movie show and the ice cream parlor afterward. Sundays meant drives to the railroad tracks and waiting for a steam engine to show up, so he could get another picture. When Norm was working on the railroad and would hear of a train wreck not too far away, if it was late at night, and throw pebbles up at my bedroom window to wake me up so I'd ride along with him to see it."

The movie shows, ice cream, and pebbles were all part of a romance. Norm was drafted into the Army on September 20, 1943.

"We knew we'd likely be parted for a long time," Dot reminisces," and we wanted assurance that we belonged to each other. Our plan was to get married on Christmas Day, 1943, but the Army wouldn't cooperate. So we made it January 15th. As a bride I followed Norm to Fort Dix, N.J., where he went braking on the military railroad, and I got a job myself in the transportation office there, making

Norman's wife, Dorothy, at home.

out train passes and meal tickets for the military personnel."

One day someone was needed to run the engine at Fort Dix. Norm volunteered. He didn't know much about it; but, being a railfan as well as a railroad man, he had often watched other men drive locomotives, both on the Lehigh Valley and in camp.

"So," he tells us, "I got away with it, making the moves and finally putting the engine away."

The Camp Dix honeymoon ended in August. Young Mrs. Cole was filling out trip passes for the troops being transferred to Fort Lewis, Wash., when she came upon her husband's name.

"It was quite a shock," she says, "but his captain arranged for Norm to remain at Dix for a little longer, until I could get back home."

Our hero rode to his new location via the Pennsy, Chicago Great Western, Rock Island, and Union Pacific.

"When the CGW crew took over," he recalls, "the hogger and conductor got into a name-calling contest, like I used to read about in *Railroad Magazine*, but it didn't quite reach the stage of fist-throwing. It was a good show for the GI's, who were treated to some choice railroad lingo.

"We had 16 Pullmans and two kitchen cars. The Rock Island put on a U.S. Railroad Administration 2-8-2 that looked like a Lehigh & Hudson River class 80 engine, and did she wheel that train! Somewhere in Idaho, a UP freight crew took over the troop special and put a caboose on the rear. I introduced myself to the bander boy (fireman) by showing him my Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen credentials, and he had me meet the conductor. The latter told me he'd been a boomer but was now a home guard.

"The skipper said that for years he had watched head brakemen open and close switches for their meets, but now the road had centralized traffic control and someone else now does that job automatically as they ride along. On this trip me had a meet with a Ringling-Barnum & Bailey Circus train. Neither train stopped; both kept on rolling."

GEORGE A. MCCONNELL, a retired Penn Central engineer, remembers meeting Norman Cole for the first time when both were serving in the 746th Railway Operating Battalion, company C. In case you don't know it, each ROB had a headquarters company; also company A, the gandy dancers; company B, the shopmen; and company C, the operating men. The 746th was unique in also having a D company, which had to do with the maintenance of electrical equipment.

"After basic training near New Orleans," George informs us, "we went to Harrisburg, Pa., for technical training on the Pennsy's electrified line. Norm and I were in company C. We landed in England at about the time of the Battle of the Bulge, but weren't sent to the fighting area because we'd had no combat training. A few days later we went to various parts of France and Belgium, wherever we were most needed, on detached service with other

railroad units. It wasn't until after the war in Europe was over hhat we all got together again as a company. Norm and I found ourselves in Germany.

"When all railway battalion were declared excess troops, we were shipped home on a point system. You earned points for each month of Army time, for each month overseas, for each battle star, and if you were married, for each child born before a certain date. Your total number of points determined how soon you'd be put aboard a homeward-bound boat.

"As Norm and I had been drafted late during the war, because of our railroad jobs in the U.S.A., we were low-point men. Norm's wife had given birth to a daughter, Donna-Lou, on September 5, 1945—just a few hours too late to be counted in the point system! Was Norm sad over that! We kidded him about his little no-pointer. Anyhow, he had to stay a month longer overseas than he would remained if Donna-Lou had come into the world a day earlier. (Later, on Nov. 2, 1949, the Coles also had a son, Norman, Jr.)

"In the winter of '45, your old railway outfit was busted wide open. The men were given new ratings. Norm and I ended up in company B, military police, as truck drivers stationed at Beauve, France. One night, out on an assignment, we got lost, couldn't speak French, and couldn't find the hotel we were to check into. We thought we were entering it, but found ourselves in a French orphanage. I don't know who was most frightened, we or the kids. Eventually we found our hotel, but weren't in bed long enough to muss the sheets before we were pulled out of bed by a French Canadian officer. His command car had broken down and was presently sitting in a barnyard. We had to drag it back to Beauve with our little Army truck."

The first thing George McConnell did when he got home in the summer of 1946, shortly after Norm's return, was to visit the Cole family. Norm is a six-footer, with a hefty build, 220 pounds. His eyes are blue, his hair brown mixed with gray, and his appearance neat. Every room in his house has something of railroad interest: books, photos, paintings, or tinplate.

His son, Norman Jr., recalls: "When I was about ten, I'd ride with my father in his car, with head hanging out the window and holding a tape recorder to pick up steam operating sounds. Dad would use the tapes for sound accompaniment while running his model train in the cellar. One night the recorder blasted so loudly that it terrified my sister, who had been sleeping in bed. For an instant she thought a real train was coming into her bedroom!"

THEIR mother's main interest is ceramics; she's had her own shop for about six years.

"Unlike most people," Dot says sweetly, "Norm hasn't matured with age. He still loves the same old things and goes after them with the same old vigor. Just about the only change in his way of life is being able to buy the things he wants without having to deprive himself of them to support a growing family. As I see it, life is but the blink of an eye. Enjoy what you can while you're here."

In 1948, when Harry Truman was making his whistle-stop campaign for President, his train stopped at Easton, on the Jersey Central. Norm wanted to take a picture of the engine from the Lehigh Valley station platform; but the LV cop wouldn't permit it, even though he knew the photographer was a fellow employe.

In 1954 our subject worked as a night yardmaster at Richards

BR&W 60, ex-Great Western Ry. 2-8-0, Alco (1937), handled by Norman, with ex-Lackawanna coaches.

Photograph by Norman S. Cole

Lehigh & Hudson River No. 11 at Phillipsburg, N.J., July 15, '44.

Yard, on the LV, just west of Easton. "There was invariably a telephone to answer or a drill slip to make up. The seat was always hot. If you didn't get things out on time you'd hear from the trainmaster in the morning. It was nerve-wracking. A year and a half of it was all I could take. Today the yard is as deserted as a cemetery at midnight."

Nearly 15 years ago, Railfan No. 244 volunteered to help restore some old wooden-bodied passenger cars of the Bangor & Aroostook and Belfast & Mosshead Lake that had been bought to set up a steam tourist railroad. It was then that John L. Bishop, now president of that road, the Black River & Western, first met him.

"Norm has countless hours in car and locomotive restoration and maintenance, trackwork," John writes, "and as an engineer on the oilburning, coal-fired, and diesel locomotives that we have used over the 11 years our company has functioned. He has a great sense of humor, enjoys hard physical work, and jumps into a job and stays with it until it's done. Much of his the model equipment in his home is scratch-built by himself."

He works as hogger about two Sundays a month. "It's a big thrill to sit on the right side and listen to the exhaust when we start up a hill. We had two steamers, 60 and 148, but the latter did not belong to the BR&W and has since gone. I was given the role of purchasing agent to find another steam engine or two. However, the Finance Department is more concerned with expanding the railroad another five miles than buying an additional engine. Since last January 1st I have been on the road's board of directors."

On October 21, 1957, Norm served as conductor on the pilot train for the special which carried Britain's Queen Elizabeth II and her husband, Prince Philip, through New Jersey, en route from Washington, D.C., to New York City. Both trains were made up on B&O equipment, but Lehigh Valley crews were aboard for the trip over their line. Norm's daughter, Donna-Lou wrote, a good report on this run for her school, pointing out that the Queen occupied B&O car 100, a private car used by Presidents of the United States.

"Every switch they passed over had been spiked down so that no one could throw it and wreck the train," she wrote. "Every road crossing the train passed was guarded by military police and city police or Highway Patrol. When they reached Cranford, N.J., where the Lehigh Valley crew left the train, her car passed Daddy and he saw her having breakfast, with a big American beauty rose on the table and a very nice smile on her face."

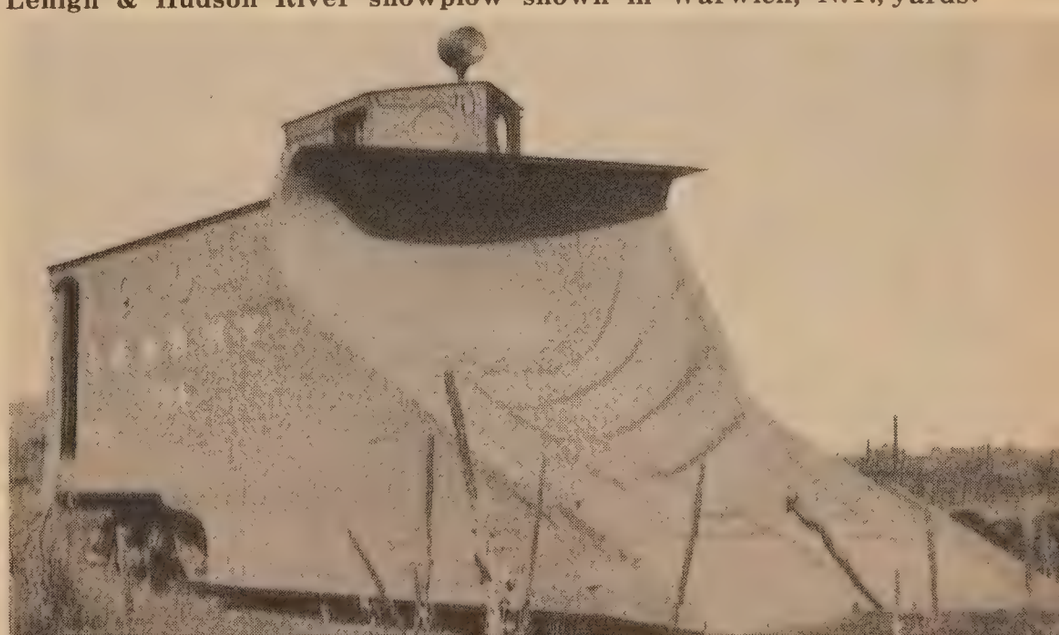
For about 15 years Norm was secretary and treasurer of Packer Lodge 85 of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen (now United Transportation Union). J.M. Reilly, Lehigh Valley general chairman of the UTU, has known Norm since 1941, when he hired out in train service.

"Besides trainman," Reilly says, "he has worked in many capacities such as yardman, baggageman, passenger trainman, ticket collector, freight and passenger conductor, and yardmaster. He has earned a reputation as 'cabin car cook. Many a time at points along his run, LV men devoured Norm's stew."

In 1967 his neck was broken in an automobile accident, but he recovered and is still actively railroading. He thinks his worst habit is, when things don't go right, "using the kind of language you don't hear in church." For 25 years he has been a member of the Masonic Order. He also belongs to the Train Collectors Association, the Lehigh Valley Chapter of NRHS, and the Lehigh Valley Railroad Veterans Association. Like many oldtimers, he is proud of his "four wonderful grandsons."

Norm went fishing only once in his life; didn't care for it. "I also tried hunting," he says. "When four deer came bounding out of the woods I raised my gun, aimed at them, but just couldn't pull the trigger. They looked too gentle and beautiful to shoot."

Lehigh & Hudson River snowplow shown in Warwick, N.Y., yards.



NIGHT OF PLUNDER (Part 2) by Harry Bedwell

THE *Silver Arrow,* a passenger streamliner, was blocked at a railroad bridge in the desert. The train was safe, but at any moment the steel gang—a band of half-civilized, half-starved border jumpers from Mexico—might break in to plunder it.

Eddie Sand, a railroad telegrapher, together with construction foreman Alec Blee and the ragged steel gang, had been ordered there to reinforce the flood-weakened trestle. The *Silver Arrow* and a freight train were halted on opposite sides of the bridge. Blee ordered the freight to start. When the boxcars were halfway across, he heard an ominous rumble. Tons of water from a flash flood in the desert came roaring down the draw toward the trestle! Before the train could be uncoupled, the flood hit the bridge, demolished it and the cars on it, and carried Blee away. "Gone to glory," as the boomers used to say.

A barrel of whisky had rolled from a shattered boxcar and burst open. Eddie Sand, watching fearfully, knew that if any booze was left in the barrel the steel gang would get it. There would be violence and bloodshed, and he couldn't prevent it. Now that Alec Blee was gone, the only person who could control the savages was a beautiful, dark-eyed, Mexican telegrapher named Manuelita—but she was miles away.

IT WAS all over while you held your breath. Destruction lay strewn around. The freight train was torn in two, cars were tumbled along the east bank, and there was a gap in the line where the trestle had stood so long. The last singing sigh of the flash flood faded into the big silence. Fire in the wreckage of the busted boxcar threw up yellow tongues and long shadows beyond the main track.

The half-civilized steel gang huddled and stared. When they saw the broken boxes and cartons of merchandise strewn upon the rocky flat—a treasure they had never hoped to possess—their eyes glittered in the firelight. Their leader, known as Red Indian, gave a belly-shaking yell. *Huarachos* slapped the ground in a torrent of running feet. They streamed down and raced across and scattered among the plunder.

This wasn't a mirage. It was happening at a desert blind siding marked "Retreat" on the mileboards and printed in the division timetable, the only places you were ever likely to find it mentioned. The *Silver Arrow,* twenty coaches of streamlined luxury, glowed like a jeweled necklace on the siding, aloof from death and destruction.

Wetbacks—hunted illegal immigrants—plundered a wonderland of goods and gadgets that exceeded their wildest imaginings. Here were articles of attire they had never seen before, garments of many hues and textures. Here were canned foods and tobacco, silk stockings and shiny trinkets for their women.

Alec Blee would have checked them before they got started. He'd have lined them up, put them to work, and made them like it. But the old construction boss was down there where the flash flood had left him, buried in silt and gravel, broken cars and bridge timbers.

As the cold shock died, Eddie remembered another item in the catastrophe. Through the snarl of the flash flood as it lashed down the wash, the telegraph instrument had hammered a message into his brain. It was a brief report of flood conditions from the roadmaster to headquarters—miles of railroad track and highway under water to the east and the west. Traffic of all kinds was at a standstill. No relief trains could get through till the water subsided.

Eddie sat down slowly. Automatically he fumbled for the telegraph key, like reaching into

Like her husband, Harry Bedwell, Lorraine loved railroading. She is shown in cab of Southern Pacific's 4170 at Sparks, Nevada, roundhouse in 1940. After he died, she let us reprint "Night of Plunder."

eternity. There was no responsive click of the sounder to the flick of his fingers. The poles had been torn down on both sides of the wash and three hundred yards of wires were gone. No longer did any communication exist with the world beyond the horizon, where there was enlightened law and cops to make it stand up.

A porter opened the vestibule door and set his stool on the ground. Passengers streamed down the steps and knotted along the path beside the coaches. There were men in smart-looking business suits and sports clothes, women in frocks from exclusive shops. Life could be enchanting if you worked it right. Worth a good try, if you ever got out of this one.

Dime-store jewelry scattered among the rocks, glinting in the fitful light, was scooped up and stuffed inside ragged shirts. Red Indian and a tough male character known as Girl Face rummaged through broken cases of men's apparel. Both became blindly absorbed in selecting from so much at their disposal. They held up garments, comparing and contemplating, as critical as women trying on hats. There were gaudy jackets and shirts, slacks in striking patterns. They picked them over and made their choice. Then they stripped to their G strings—and the knives that were slung thereto.

Red gravely fitted on a crazy-quilt wool shirt, a yellow-and-black coat, and powder-blue slacks. Girl Face chose a red smoking jacket as the outstanding item of his getup. Another hard guy, Lizard Belly, experimented with a pair of flamboyant shorts. He pulled them over his head, shoving his long arms through the legs. They wouldn't work that way. He cast them aside and engulfed himself in flaming pajamas. The three of them struggled to put on shoes. They stumped about as if on stilts.

Meanwhile the passengers stood watching. Top performers, who played for your laughs, laughed at their antics. Grave men of science, of government, and of industry looked on, and were amused. Notables who make the motion pictures showed professional interest. As a story in contrasts, they thought it promising.

Eddie liked better the sparkle of gems that hadn't come from the dime store, and the slither of silk. The young boomer brass pounder estimated with glee that he could smell a hundred dollars' worth of cigar smoke. He agreed with the movie producers that this affair had exceptional aspects. But it wouldn't run through the accepted pattern, and it might come out more lurid than their writers could contrive. These accomplished people who cooked up make-believe and sold it on the screen could find themselves playing bit parts in an unrehearsed drama they wouldn't like at all.

THE MEN in the section gang of Hipolito Trujillo hadn't hunkered down quietly, as they usually did the instant the task was done. Fear crawled in them. They had witnessed destruction and death, and caught the smell of raw life as lived by their distant kinsmen. It seemed as if the world was coming up by the roots.

Hipolito rolled the white of his eyes. "Iss not s'good," he complained.

The same thought had been circulating in Eddie's mind. The *Silver Arrow* should be backed out of here, beyond the reach of those pillaging border jumpers before they found any remaining whisky in the barrel. He recalled the glowing pictures they had seen through the car windows. Maybe he could scare the conductor into doing it. Eddie stood up.

Dan Frobisher, the freight train's engineer, came over to him through the speckled light. "Is the dispatcher's wire working?"

Eddie said it wasn't. "And storm water is crawling all over the desert, so you couldn't go anyplace if you got orders."

The hogger knew better. "No trains out between here and Gravity?"

Eddie shook his head.

"I've been rolling 'em across this section of hell for thirty years," Frobisher estimated, "and I've seen wetbacks act up before. It'd curl your whiskers." He glanced at his watch. "I don't like this place, the way it's turned out. I'm going to take the head-end cars, and see if I can't make it to Gravity. There's never much runoff between here and there. I'll take it easy."

Maybe Frobisher wasn't scared, but he was eager to leave this place. He whistled off, and a cyclone of smoke boiled up against the stars as he widened the throttle. The exhaust bellowed. The drivers slipped and kicked sparks and streaks of fire.

Eddie thought of his friend Wallace Sterling, a boomer like himself, who was now working as train dispatcher on that division, Walley, in the quiet security of a fifth-story office, with a million people around him, would never believe that the steel gang was catching up on civilization, employing ancient methods to gain immediate wealth, and was capable of deeds of violence. Not if you swore to it, he'd never believe you. But Trujillo's men knew it was so.

The thunder of the stack tore great chunks out of the stillness and brought echoes far across the dark flats. The engine's safety valve lifted with a shriek and a plume of steam. The section gang broke and ran. They didn't separate and scatter. They lined out in a bunch for their track car. The car stormed down the siding toward the west switch, the exhaust streaking flame.

Trujillo lumbered out of the shadows, yelling curses. He paused to fumble for stones and ballast, and sent a rain of missiles after his men. But they paid him no heed.

The siding was more than a mile long, and three quarters of that distance to the switch. Hipolito set the controls for top speed. The track car bucked and howled and blasted. They overtook the head end of the freight train, on the parallel main track, and began to pass it a car at a time.

HIPOLITO'S one panic desire was to return to the security of his section house and his family, not considering the possibility of a juncture at the switch with Frobisher's stub train. His mind was closed to obstacles in the way—until the 4-8-2 engine and the switch stand showed up together, close before him. He saw the actual situation then.

A collision was inevitable, and the whole gang thought so. Five seconds before the motor crashed into the locomotive, the men unloaded in a heap. They sprawled and rolled and got up and continued their flight on foot.

The impact sounded like a dump of coal from the chute. Pieces of motorcar and engine rained down on the adjacent desert. The stub train stopped in the grip of screaming emergency brakes and woolly clouds of steam bloomed in the moonlight.

Frobisher came out of the confusion. "What was them gandy dancers trying to do?" he babbled. "I can't check the damage till she blows her steam and dies! The switch is all messed up, and I got the pass and the main blocked!"

He went back to his stricken engine. Firelight and shadows flitted across the faces of the passengers, strung out along the path beside the coaches.

All the border jumpers were now in a scrambling hurry to dress in fashion. They were pulling off their old, dirty, cotton shirts and kicking off ragged pants. They dived into the most blatant garments that came to hand. They strutted and preened.

It was ridiculous, outlandish. But it would make a good dinner-table story, addressing attentive faces in the candlelight down the long table in the patio.

"Those fellows stripped down to practically nothing but their knives, which they wore as standard equipment, the same as we wear wrist watches. And then they dressed up like clowns."

The passengers looked at Eddie curiously. He was a part of the show. They would have questioned him, and chatted, if he hadn't walked so rapidly alongside the train. Eddie reckoned the traces of perfume that mingled with the smell of wood smoke would have set him back a month's pay.

Then another odor slipped in and overpowered the delightful fragrance. It stopped him by the porter's stool at the open vestibule. The steel gang had found that barrel of whisky! They were crowded around it. They had stood it up and tipped it, and were catching trickles of liquor that came through the sprung staves into their cupped hands.

EDDIE climbed aboard the *Silver Arrow,* exploring down dim aisles of the sleepers till he found Rosco, the rear brakeman, who took him to the conductor. And of course it had to be "Scrap-Iron" Hawkins, who wasn't easy to scare.

Scrap-Iron sat in an unsold compartment, chatting glumly with the Pullman conductor. Frost was at his temples and in his eyes. His rigid glance flicked over the young telegrapher.

"What in hell are you doing on my train?"

"Some items to consider," Eddie went at him briskly, "now that the trestle is out and the freight engine has you blocked so you can't return to Gravity."

"Why should I go back to Gravity?" Scrap-Iron snorted. "I'm headed the other way."

"On account of the steel gang. You've noticed them plundering the contents of the busted merchandise car?"

"So what?" the skipper grunted. "That comes under the head of legal department's worries. I'm in train service."

Eddie said: "Those border jumpers don't know about statutes in the book and they make up the law as they go along. They've already looked the *Silver Arrow* over, and they liked the things they saw. The only way they can have them is to take them, and it looks to me as if they're getting all tuned up to do it. If they do decide to help themselves, they'll be hard to stop."

"All the blood-and-thunder books you read!" Scrap-Iron scoffed. "You've stayed in the sun too long, Eddie. You need a vacation."

He could be right. Scrap-Iron was a jagged old character who had encountered all phases of human behavior and was hard to deceive.

But there'd been a fierce, starved look as those men's eyes devoured the luxuries behind the lighted windows. Eddie thought of the goblin shapes hunkered in the starlight, swaying and chanting when Manuelita had tapped their racial memories, just before he was sent to this desert siding. She knew how shallow the present was to them. She had said it. They were out of this world.

"You'd better come and take a look," Eddie advised.

The skipper got it with the first whiff of fresh air. "I smell liquor. Strong. Where's it coming from?"

Eddie pointed. The clowning was being done down there. The scramble for goods and baubles had become a greedy scuffle for the whiskey. They broke in the head of the barrel, and the staves came apart. The remaining red-eye drained away. There were howls and angry cries.

Red Indian spoke and gestured. Suddenly they unraveled from their tight knot, absurd figures flapping out of a nightmare, coming through the crawling light and shadows, slumping woodenly in stiff shoes. They swarmed to the lip of the low embankment and stared down at the train through rosy mists. They weren't entertaining, but the carnival wasn't over.

"They've had enough to make them hard to handle." The *Silver Arrow* and her passengers were in Scrap-Iron's care. "Eddie, we've got to keep them out of the Pullmans. Let's get the women aboard."

RED stepped down and the man known as Girl Face followed. They paused in the light from the coaches. The steel gang lined up on the embankment, watching a dream unfold.

The footing was insecure for fashionable high heels. There were breathless protests from

the women as they were helped along to the vestibule entrance. The brakeman and the porter stood on either side of the stool, assisting them aboard. They knew the trick of lifting them easily by the elbows to the top step. The ladies fluttered up and were gone out of sight.

An interlude between spectacles, and now the passengers were giving the show. The wetbacks watched with delight. It seemed like a game. They gazed at the glowing windows. A game that continued somewhere inside the lavish cars.

"Take it easy, gentlemen." Well-barbered and his uniform pressed to knife edges, Scrap-Iron picked up his responsibilities. "Don't hurry it, gentlemen, but don't delay."

A veteran star of stage and screen asked thoughtfully, "Do you imagine these fantastic people are dangerous?"

"Mr. Archer, you have seen the world." The blue-uniformed conductor was as suave as an embassy secretary. "Tell me what *you* think."

"They appear harmless enough to me," Mr. Archer decided.

"You are doubtless right," Scrap-Iron nodded.

The last woman faded up the steps, and the men began to climb aboard. As they did so, the leader of the steel gang, Red Indian, looked down the length of the streamliner with a slow turn of the head. He stood back and studied the interior of the diner. He sniffed the air and pulled it in and filled his lungs.

"Grub," he said somberly.

"What?" Scrap-Iron blurted.

"Grub," Red repeated.

Scrap-Iron looked at Red and darted a glance at Eddie.

"It's been one of the scarcest items in their existence," the boomer brass pounder said. "It might not be a bad idea to feed them. The firewater has made them ravenous, and grub would slow them down."

Scrap-Iron watched the last man climb aboard. "How was that again, Eddie?"

It seemed like a bright idea. "If you stuff them, it might divert their thoughts from plunder and bloodshed."

"Not so loud, Eddie," Scrap-Iron pleaded, with his passengers in mind. "How do you mean to stuff them?"

"You have a well-stocked diner," Eddie pointed out.

Scrap-Iron barked, "You mean to feed them in there?"

"There's no place else."

Scrap-Iron breathed heavily. "Do you realize the mess they'd make of it if we did?"

"It'll be nothing to what they'll do if they decide to break into the Pullmans," Eddie argued.

THE SKIPPER took a long, bitter swallow. Red Indian watched him without impatience. There was always palaver.

"Steaks," Eddie elaborated. "Big ones. Spuds and gallons of black coffee. Stuff 'em and make 'em groggy. But first," he warned, "don't forget to tell the steward to lock the liquor and throw away the key. If they find your stock of firewater, all we can do is die like they did at the Alamo."

Scrap-Iron was cornered. He motioned Rosco to get aboard.

"Lock all the doors," he ordered. "Circulate and stop any panic talk, if it starts." He climbed the steps. "We'll stuff 'em," he said bitterly.

Automatically he dropped the platform and closed the vestibule door. Lizard Belly picked up a stone with his prehensile toes and handed it to Red. At the instant the door shut, a jagged circle of splintered glass appeared in the window at the top.

Scrap-Iron opened the door quickly and left it ajar. Red straightened, gave a sign, and the gang came down from the embankment. They surrounded Jess, the porter, murmuring, low-voiced, admiring him.

"Make them a speech, Jess," Eddie urged. "Sound off."

"You really goin' to feed them in our beautiful diner?" Jess asked. "Somebody sure ain't goin' to like that a bit." He stood on the stool and orated.

"This time the feed is on the house, gentlemen!" His voice rolled. "I want you to observe the particular quality of the victuals we afford and the style in which it is served! You mind your manners when you get to the table!" he warned. . . . "Am I doin' all right, Mr. Eddie?"

He was doing all right. The steel gang was enchanted. They listened enraptured, without understanding the words, till the smells of cooking turned their attention.

"Line them up, Jess," said the boomer brass pounder, "and let them into the diner. Make 'em behave."

Red followed Jess up the steps and paused in the doorway, studying with somber eyes the snowy napery and gleaming silver.

Jess herded the rest in, two at a time. The black waiters watched them without expression. They had erected a wall of polite reserve against the barbarians of all races at meals.

The steel gang entered in a trance, their clumsy shoes sinking into the deep carpet as if they walked on air. The soft light was deceptive to eyes accustomed to the raw glare of the sun. They tried to feel the flowing incandescence with their fingers. The landscapes and the figures painted on the arched ceiling seemed real. They touched the silver with awe. Jess made them sit at the tables.

LIZARD BELLY crawled under a row of tables and came out at the other end. His merry eyes peered and poked. He palmed a silver salt cellar and it disappeared. He gathered shiny ash trays and juggled them till they melted into the air.

The veteran conductor regarded with a growing horror what followed. He had worked the frowzy homeseekers' trains and the giddy-plush-and-polished-brass palace limiteds. He had come along with these streaks of elegance, and a man grows with his responsibilities. They had long ago named him Scrap-Iron because he was hard and jagged. But till the day he takes his one-way pass to the

Promised Land, he will recoil at the recollection of the havoc that rabble wrought to his magnificent dining car.

Waiters brought in platters of smoking steaks. As the first one passed him, Lizard Belly lifted a hot plate from the tray. He set it on the floor quickly and sucked his scorched fingers. Then he sat down beside it and took off his shoes. He picked up the slab of meat, turning it nimbly till it cooled. He chewed and gnawed amiably, adroitly tossing brown potatos into his mouth.

The steel gang fell upon the food as it came to them. They burned themselves, sputtered, and blew gustily. Beef that didn't resist their champing jaws and get tangled in the teeth was incredible. They devoured it in hunks. They crunched bones and pushed them aside, always grabbing more of everything that was offered. They gulped coffee and spilled it with abandon. Gorged, they licked their lips and made animal sounds of satisfaction. Their faces glistened with grease.

Lizard Belly's bare brown feet twinkled under the rolled-up pajamas. He peered into the kitchen at the cooks. He sniffed. He glanced at the wall of the pantryway, and suddenly he was alert, like a prowling cat. He ran his fingers over the polished surface. His eyes sharpened and his thin nose twitched.

You could feel Scrap-Iron set himself. His fingers coiled below his starched cuffs and the blue sleeves, with the nine gold stars on one forearm, each star bought with five years of service. Those big hands were soft now and cared for, but they had once set brakes in blizzard weather against the hump of the hill yards, when a slip meant sudden death. But the shadow of fear stole across his face as he watched the little clown.

Jess patrolled the aisle. The men lit pilfered cigars and their ashen smoke crawled through the lifeless air. They grunted and muttered. The whisky had died in them. The stiff shoes and the harsh woolen garments were irritating. They couldn't relax. Space was crowded and the air was tight. When they tried to peer out of the windows at familiar moonlight spaces, their own reflections, staring back, startled them.

RED INDIAN stood up. Soft light burnished the copper of his skin. A dim figure out of the half-world of this borderland lit up in a sudden hard glitter when he spoke in deliberate English. "It is time for tequila."

It was as startling as if a stone face had spoken. His eyes were on Scrap-Iron. "The whisky in the barrel, it was not strong and it ran away. You have some tequila for us? Tequila is much better."

Scrap-Iron said harshly, "No tequila. Nothing to drink."

Red's lips moved. Girl Face vanished into the pantry. He ransacked it, pulling down packages of food from the shelves till the cupboards were bare. He rummaged in the kitchen, and you could hear the pots and pans tumbled out upon the floor.

"He's trying to locate the liquor supply," Scrap-Iron growled.

"He'd better not," Eddie said.

"Any more bright ideas on how to entertain them?" the skipper inquired scornfully.

Girl Face came out of the pantry way and held up both empty hands. He stood there obediently, on guard. Red kicked off his shoes and drifted down the aisle. He didn't come too close to Scrap-Iron. He held out his hand, swiveling it on his wrist.

"Give me the keys," he said flatly.

"What keys?" Scrap-Iron bristled.

"Keys to cars you told your brakeman to lock," Red said coldly.

Many miles away was Buck Barabe, the General Manager. Buck wouldn't let his railroad stand still, and he couldn't bear to be out of instant communication with every mile of it. At the first sign of an interruption, he would have relief trains moving in from both directions with their gangs and track materials, and linemen searching out the broken wires and putting them back in service.

Time was needed now for one of those trains to creep in across the flooded miles with enough men aboard to overwhelm these wild wetbacks. Scrap-Iron must be given a chance to get outside with a warning and an opportunity to organize a defense.

Eddie shifted and let his muscles loosen up for a quick lunge. He could bounce Red on the floor in an instant if he got the right hold on him. Covered by the noise and confusion, he murmured in Scrap-Iron's ear, "When I make a move, you break out and round up the crews."

Scrap-Iron's expression didn't change, but he squared himself to give it a try.

"I'll nail Red and hold him," Eddie whispered.

It wasn't going to be easy. As Eddie hunched, the knife glinted in Red's hand, balanced. The top man in the steel gang looked at the telegrapher with dusky disdain. It broke through the thick skin of Eddie's conceit that this situation hadn't been entirely set up by chance and disaster. Red had taken advantage of the breaks and encouraged them by craft and guile. He had been playing for keeps all the time!

At last Eddie recognized Red for what he was. Red was no slow-witted peon. He and his kind were by-products of the years of revolutions. There would be a sacked city, limp figures lying in the sunny street, flung into lifeless heaps by the cough of rickety machine guns. Then Red and his kind would follow, shuffling shadows walking head down, aimless and destitute.

No savvy. But the glint of eyes photographed all they saw in a swift glance. Then swift forays, disband and disappear. Red could recruit in the isolated, impoverished districts. For when you have nothing, you cannot lose it. He and his kind lived by loot.

Here, then, was the last of the free-booters, alert to the stroke of fortune, adept at his trade. But he couldn't escape forever, and right now he was crowding his luck.

THE YOUNG BOOMER said quietly: "You have stayed on too long, my friend. This time you are away over your head." Red was glumly attentive. He watched Eddie's eyes. The knife fitted his hand like an accustomed tool, and Eddie remembered the flower of splintered glass in the center of the window. Red could drive the blade full length into you with the flick of the wrist.

Keep talking! The minutes added up, and Buck Barabe would be throwing in what it took to put his railroad back in service.

"You've come to the last chapter in your history book," Eddie continued. "The trail runs out here, old-timer. You're lost and don't know it. Better find your way to the far and lonesome, and don't come back."

The brass pounder spoke slowly and paused often, allowing the seconds to run. And he tried to be convincing. Red was the victim of the resistless pressure of progress upon the unenlightened. He wasn't as predatory or as destructive as some who operated openly at this very minute. But he used obsolete methods, and they'd shoot him for that when they caught him. Eddie tried to tell Red so.

Morning was climbing out of the prairies on the other side of the high divide. Faint light penetrated the car packed with smells of sweated bodies and stale food, and there was a stir. The men moved furtively, animal instincts reaching for open country.

Red stiffened as he watched the first light of a new day run along the arch of the ceiling. For him it was the phantom of time stalking the empty flats, closing in. He turned on Scrap-Iron. "The keys!"

Riches and soft pleasure, and the border was only a walk away. Life was cheap. It was easy to kill. The phantom out there had warned him that time was running out. Plunder and vanish swiftly.

"Give me the keys!"

The show would soon be over.

But Scrap-Iron wouldn't surrender his trust. A man's traits and his associations are all that are left at the last. He gave Eddie a frosty glint.

The boomer felt as if he had just grown up. The skipper would go down with a knife between his ribs, and he would fight them off till the door slammed behind him. It would all be in his record when they closed the book.

A shadow moved at the doorway, misshapen, out of focus to Eddie's searching eyes. And then a strumming of chords grew in depth and sent a surge of feeling through him. An image came out slowly in the tricky light of the lush dining car.

It was Manuelita, magnificent Manuelita. The darling operator had sensed danger from the beginning, when she had urged him to take his gun. Thank God, he had given her his car keys.

Manuelita had caught the situation in a glance, and she sat on the porter's stool in the dim vestibule and played her guitar with a deep concentration. The fearful notes filled the diner with black melancholy and once again bodies swayed to the dragging rhythm. Jet eyes shone in the soft light, husky voices moaned low, pushing time back along dim centuries.

The music didn't turn back Red's clock. It gummed the works, but the clock kept on ticking. He snapped a look at Manuelita that was edged with raw violence, and fingered his knife. He knew it had to end; the intolerable tension would eventually break.

LIZARD BELLY was tone deaf. Music, to him, was merely so much noise. His small shape lurked suddenly in the passage. He ran sly fingers over the glossy surface of the pantryway wall. By a sense that could find what wasn't there, he located a concealed keyhole and traced the edge of a door through the tips of his tiny fingers. He pounded softly with the heel of his hand.

He caught the sound he was seeking and struck the wood once, sharply. The locked door sprang open under the blow, and he swung it wide.

Red spat words and pointed. The chant died. Heads turned slowly and glazed eyes took on light. Red slipped to the doorway with his back to Manuelita. He signaled Girl Face, and he spoke to the men in harsh orders.

Abruptly Manuelita lost her hold on the natives. She continued to strum softly, but her gallant effort to calm them became futile.

For there, before the men, were shelves reaching to the ceiling, lined with enough wines and liquors to inspire uprisings and revolutions and conquests. They snatched down bottles, breaking the necks against the wall and holding them up, pouring the contents in streams through their open mouths.

The smell was heavy in the close air. Mellow liquor didn't rage down the gullet like tequila. They took it in great gulps. Those on the outer edge elbowed in and grabbed. Bottles were knocked to the floor and shattered. The men began to babble. Red watched them with moody eyes.

Lizard Belly climbed to the top of a table. He propped his knees under his chin and arranged some bottles about him. A comrade reached for one. Lizard Belly's hand flashed out and struck the extended wrist. The man howled and drew back. The little clown selected a bottle and uncorked it with a blow on the bottom. He tipped it and drank. He smiled pensively. It was old brandy, filled with peace and plenty and happy dreams.

The men began to wrangle. Red shouted them down. They turned to face him, standing still and quiet.

Red snapped a look at Scrap-Iron. "The keys!"

And all at once age seemed to catch up with Scrap-Iron. He stared at Red's hands as if it puzzled him. The whole affair seemed suddenly clouded in his mind. He had come to the end of his reserves. Habit and the inflexible regulations were all channeled in his mind, but the resilience to make them bounce was gone.

What crowds an old man's mind when he turns in his equip-

ment at the end of the last run? Thousands of miles behind him, and all that remains is a ring of keys and the record woven into the pattern of the years.

His hand moved uncertainly under the skirt of his uniform coat, fumbling blindly for the keys snapped to his belt. It made Eddie want to cry out. For all those years and through all those miles, Scrap-Iron had automatically found them in the same place, on his right hip. But now he was groping with his left hand, feeling on the wrong side. He should be out of this one.

Red moved a swift step. He turned the knife in his hand for a quick stab. He could feel, through the instincts of the hunted, that bleared phantom of diminishing time closing in.

ALL expression washed out of Scrap-Iron's face as his hand failed to find the keys. He looked down. His right hand came up and felt his forehead, fumbling, groping. You'd never believe old Scrap-Iron could be deceptive. But he was. He took off his heavy uniform cap and struck Red across the face with it, a lightning blow that raised welts. Then he lunged, throwing a shoulder against Red's chest, and went down on top of him across a table. Red's grunt exploded like a busted air hose.

It was so utterly harebrained that Eddie ducked from sheer astonishment—and a knife whispered a personal message in his ear from Girl Face as it flashed by.

Then all hell broke loose. Chaotic fury flowed through the crowded space. The steel gang, tipping over tables, boiled into the aisle in a blind rush. Jess tried to stop them. They piled over him like surf against a towering reef. Jess was six-feet-three of brawn and good nature. He blocked with his spread elbows till the pressure from the rabble swamped him under a tangled heap of bodies. He pulled himself clear and was again submerged.

Red struggled under Scrap-Iron's weight. He writhed and clawed. He was jointed like a whip snake and the skipper couldn't hold him down.

Eddie caught Red's wrist, twisting his arm till he quieted. Girl Face leaped over the pile of struggling bodies and snatched the knife he had thrown. His hand flashed back and paused.

"All right," Eddie said from a dry throat to Girl Face, and let go of Red's wrist. "Get up, Scrap-Iron."

The skipper got to his feet. Red rolled off the table and found his knife. He panted and spoke to his men. The squirming heap quieted and came apart. Jess got up and brushed off his uniform.

Forty-five seconds exploding all at once, and then time took up its stolid beat. Red was hurt. Scrap-Iron had nailed him hard. The steel-gang leader breathed in tortured gasps, holding his chest. His face was a drawn, gaunt mask.

Scrap-Iron had made the effort, but it hadn't worked. He had put his life in jeopardy without hesitation, but he couldn't buck the odds. Further resistance would bring immediate bloodshed.

No one could censure him if he threw in his hand now, surrendered the keys, and stood aside. You could think of a hatful of reasons for his doing it. But he wouldn't entertain one of them. He would close the record with his last breath.

"Eddie, see if you can't break out of here when the fight starts. It will take them time to down me."

The frost was in Scrap-Iron's eyes. Eddie loosened his dry tongue. He knew that time eventually ran out for all mankind, but he had never considered it personal and imminent.

It seemed like a couple of years ago, but it had been only this morning that he'd debated quitting Buck Barabe's chain gang. A week, and he might have been adrift and away, again following the sky line. Now it would likely be some horizon on the other side of time. He tested the spring in his toes and loosened his muscles.

Red took to breathing in long, slow heaves. Girl Face, poised like the model for a statue, waited for his signal. Red let his hand drop from his chest and gasped an order at his men. Instantly there was a circle of knives glittering in the soft light. There was violence in the savage eyes.

MANUELITA'S strumming died away. The thin notes fled into the long hush, and in that speck of silence the diner shuddered to a heavy tread of steps.

Eddie felt a shock come up from his heels. Red turned around with a quick contraction of muscles. The bronze drained yellow in his cheeks and there was a sudden stark fear in his eyes. An apparition had stalked him across the empty reaches, and stood there in the doorway. It had dragged itself from its own grave.

Slimy, streaked with yellow clay, sand and gravel in the strings of hair, lacerated scalp showing through. One arm twisted and the hand turned back to make your nerves cringe. Shapeless shroud hanging in damp tatters and shreds. It hulked there, just back from the infernal.

It seized Red's pagan mind. There in the arch of the doorway in one ghostly figure stood the specter of all the men he had seen die by violence. Red went loose and clammy inside his gaudy raiment. He couldn't move his feet when he tried to.

The silence closed in. No one moved till the specter spoke to Red—and it called him Carlos. The name exploded out of the hollow of the night and beat like a long echo through the dead air.

Alec Blee took up from where the flash flood had interrupted him; his words were weighted missiles.

"Carlos, take your men and bring the track motor down the main line to the washout. We'll get this cleaned up and ready to begin rebuilding the trestle as soon as the material and equipment arrive."

And that's the way it was—the utter collapse of a long night-

mare! You'd have known it would come out like this if you hadn't been disdainful of his years. Even a flash flood, after it had caught him, couldn't prevail against Alec Blee. He had lived with disaster since the days of 60 pound steel, and he knew how it was bred and born and the time of its violent existence. No catastrophe could subdue that old construction man. The flood waters had likely regretted it and been eager to shake him loose and cast him aside within the first furious miles.

The half-empty bottle slipped from Lizard Belly's hand and rolled gurgling under the table. The little clown's lips moved in a tuneless effort to find the lost chant, but he couldn't raise a sound. He sank back, pillowed his head on his arms, and retired blissfully into the land of peace and plenty and happy dreams.

THE SUN was over the high divide and a breeze strayed down through a saddleback. The air had lost its raw edge. Eddie felt gray and lifeless inside, but the morning smelled good.

Track cars barked and screeched their wheels. The lineman's motor snorted to a furious stop, and Eddie went to help him put his wires back in service. Buck Barabe and the roadmaster burst onto the busy scene. They braked down by the open vestibule door and Barabe went inside to talk to Scrap-Iron. Then they coasted down to the steel gang.

The sight of Alec and the gaudy wetbacks stopped Barabe cold as he got off his seat. The Old Man barked: "Alec, what the hell goes on here?"

He listened silently then, while Alec filled him in briefly and made a detailed requisition for everything required. Barabe tabulated it in his tenacious mind.

This General Manager was shaken. Maybe the old railroader had defied his age too long. Maybe, Eddie thought, he didn't know every answer after all. And the legend that he could sense disaster a long way off and have the proper man on the spot to handle it quickly when it broke. Like hell he could! What about this one? It tore loose and it would have been going yet, if Alec hadn't survived the flood.

The lineman got the telephone in the booth working. He tied in another set for Eddie at his rigged-up telegraph table and to repair the Morse line. Eddie began to detail the catastrophe to the dispatcher. Then Barabe tramped across to the booth and took over the wire.

Eddie listened through his headset to the Old Man shaking them up at division headquarters, ordering out the pile-driver and a special to bring men and materials, together with a doctor to patch up Alec till he could be spared from the job.

He rang in the night chief dispatcher and gave him the picture as it stood. The old dispatcher had a few words to say, "Seems like you didn't have a man at hand for it this time."

"What?" the Old Man snapped back at him. And then: "Are you clicking your teeth over the delusion that I can spot trouble before it arrives? Don't let it bother you." There was a pause and the rasp of a chuckle. "At that, Greg, there were three good men on the spot, and a girl besides."

"Three men and a girl?" The chief was slyly incredulous.

"Alec Blee," said Barabe, "and Scrap-Iron Hawkins; who can be depended upon to do the job. They did it. The girl, the third-trick op at Gravity, told us trouble was brewing down here, and bought us needed time at considerable risk to herself."

"That makes two men and a girl," the chief counted.

BARABE let off a gusty sigh. "Young Eddie Sand," he said. "You'll have to add up that one. When he asked to be set up, I sent him to the desert instead, to take some of that spit-in-your-eye out of him. And I wanted to see if he had the guts to take it or whether he'd inherited his old man's boomer instincts and would blow when he got tired of the place. He didn't like it, but he stuck. And he did all right last night. He helped save a bad situation."

"Yeah," said the chief. "Eddie's a good boy. You going to give him a tryout on the trainsheet?"

"No," said the General Manager, and Eddie curled up inside.

"Why'n hell not?" It had been a hard night for the night chief. "He's sure got it coming to him, and he's——"

"Now, wait a minute," Barabe bristled. "His old man made a good dispatcher of him before he was out of knee pants, so that's already in his record. I'm going to take him into my office and work him over. With that red in his hair, he's got to be controlled till he gets his feet on the ground. He'll make up into a better man than his dad, but I want to have him around where I can season him. These youngsters get too damned impatient."

Impatient? Eddie pulled off the headphone and stared at it intently. He looked at Barabe, bulging from the booth. He let out a tired grin. Impatient! Listen to the man talk.

Scrap-Iron handed Manuelita from the vestibule steps. He took off his cap when they shook hands. The skipper hadn't lost his eye for a trim figure. He admired Manuelita all the way across to Eddie's automobile, parked beside the main track. She put her guitar in the back seat.

Manuelita turned her lovely face toward Eddie and suddenly everything was ho-kay and all right. She was the rainbow and springtime in the Rockies. The breezes in the cottonwood trees. She illuminated the place. She came over to him, and he stood straighter and smoothed back his hair. His heart thudded in his chest.

She handed him his car keys and they sat on the ties. "It has been a very long night, Eddie."

"Manuelita," he said from out of all the dark confusion, "when we are married, will you mind living in the city?"

The girl put her hand on his shoulder, her cheek on her hand, and she went out like a light. ●

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TRACKSIDE IN THE DIESEL AGE

By JIM EDMONSTON

MERRY CHRISTMAS! This year, may Santa Claus bring you some good new railroad books and pretty calendars or other railroadiana—not in his old-fashioned sleigh but in a fast merchandise hotshot wheeled by GM diesels! Make this a modern Yuletide.

A distinguished visitor arrived in my home city, Cincinnati, at midnight of September 5th, namely, Romania's Faur, 107, a new 1250-hp B-B diesel hydraulic switcher. She rode in proudly behind the power of B&O's 99, the *Advance Dixie*, a handsome train that's made up at Lima, Ohio, onetime home of the great Lima Locomotive Works and runs straight to the Southern's Gest Street Yard in Cincinnati.

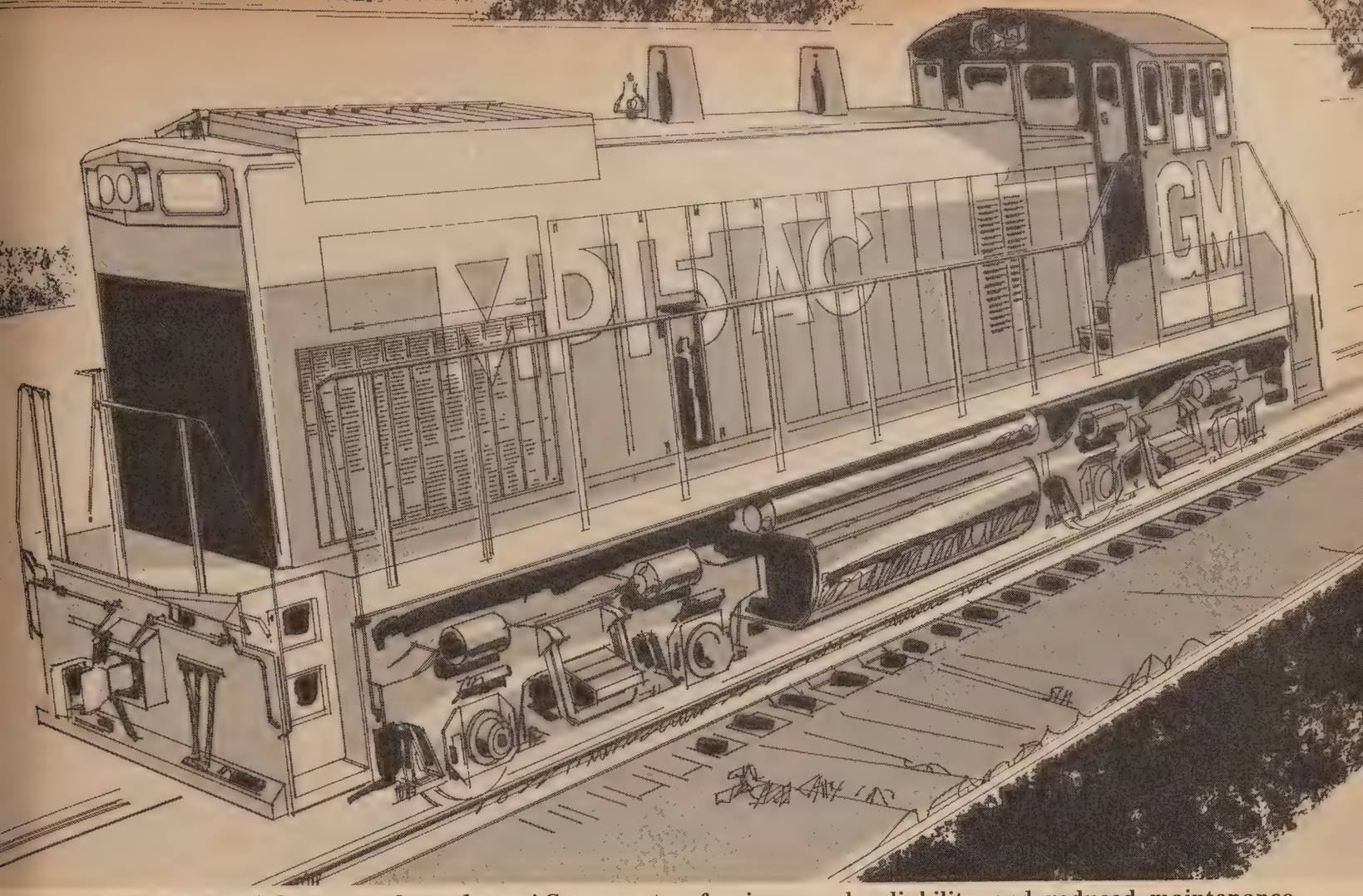
The foreign switcher is an off-center-cab 80-tonner in the classic European style. She has rounded corners, a tight-clearance cab, no side handrails, and a pair of British-style headlights set low on each end. Also a high-mounted light at the end of each hood and a very low-slung appearance. Her heavy-looking frame appears to skirt the trucks, which might be a roundhouse worker's nightmare. Except for the low appearance, Faur 107 resembles a small Alco Century C-415. She is in the U.S. on tests, with the hope that American roads will like her well enough to buy. She was tested on the Santa Fe in Corwith Yard (Chicago) and Argentine, Kansas, before traveling to Atlanta.

Dan Dover of *X2200 South* inspected this interesting visitor before she left Cincinnati on Southern rails the next morning. He says the Southern had the two Romanian attendants, who were riding the cab, start the unit and she moved under her own power from the service facility at Ludlow, Ky., to her train in Gest Street yards, which meant crossing the Ohio River bridge.

Dan found the loco uncommonly quiet and showing no sign of exhaust fumes. The red, gray, and white unit was reportedly to perform for Southern until late September, then move on to the Union Railroad in Pitts-

The "Quarter Horse," 1,250-hp loco from Romania, is now in service during a 60-day test period at Santa Fe's Corwith yard in Chicago. Built by the "August 23" plant of Bucharest, the engine is a diesel-hydraulic unit, as opposed to the diesel-electric units in general service on U.S. roads. It will be tried out in various switching jobs in Chicago area and on Chicago-Kansas City service before being tested on other roads.

Santa Fe Railway photograph



Solid state modular controls and an AC generator for improved reliability and reduced maintenance are featured in the MP15AC, new multi-purpose diesel-electric loco announced by Electro-Motive Division of General Motors, McCook, Ill. Four-axle, four-motor, 1,500-hp unit, designed for yard switching or branch line freight service, is first goat to have solid state modular controls. The loco is equipped with EMD's AR10/D14 generator and an AC cooling system instead of a belt-driven fan. Powered by a GM 645E Series 12-cylinder non-turbo-charged engine, it has a total length of 49′, 2″ and weighs approximately 250,000 lbs. First units are due next autumn.

burgh. Stanray Corp. is the U.S. sponsor. Its name appears on the long hood, also the name "Quarter Horse." Plates under the cab and on each end read, "LDH125-107," which I am guessing means "Loco, Diesel Hydraulic, 1250 HP, #107." Will we see more "Quarterhorses"?

Personally, I think 80 tons is too light for U.S. switching service in large yards; but for industrial, short line, or branch line service it should be fine. One thing is for certain; when the ore-hauling, rough-and-ready, heavy-service Union Railroad gets hold of #107, she will do or die. That is the supreme test. One of those big Bessemer hoppers loaded with Missabe ore weighs 20 tons more than the Romanian visitor!

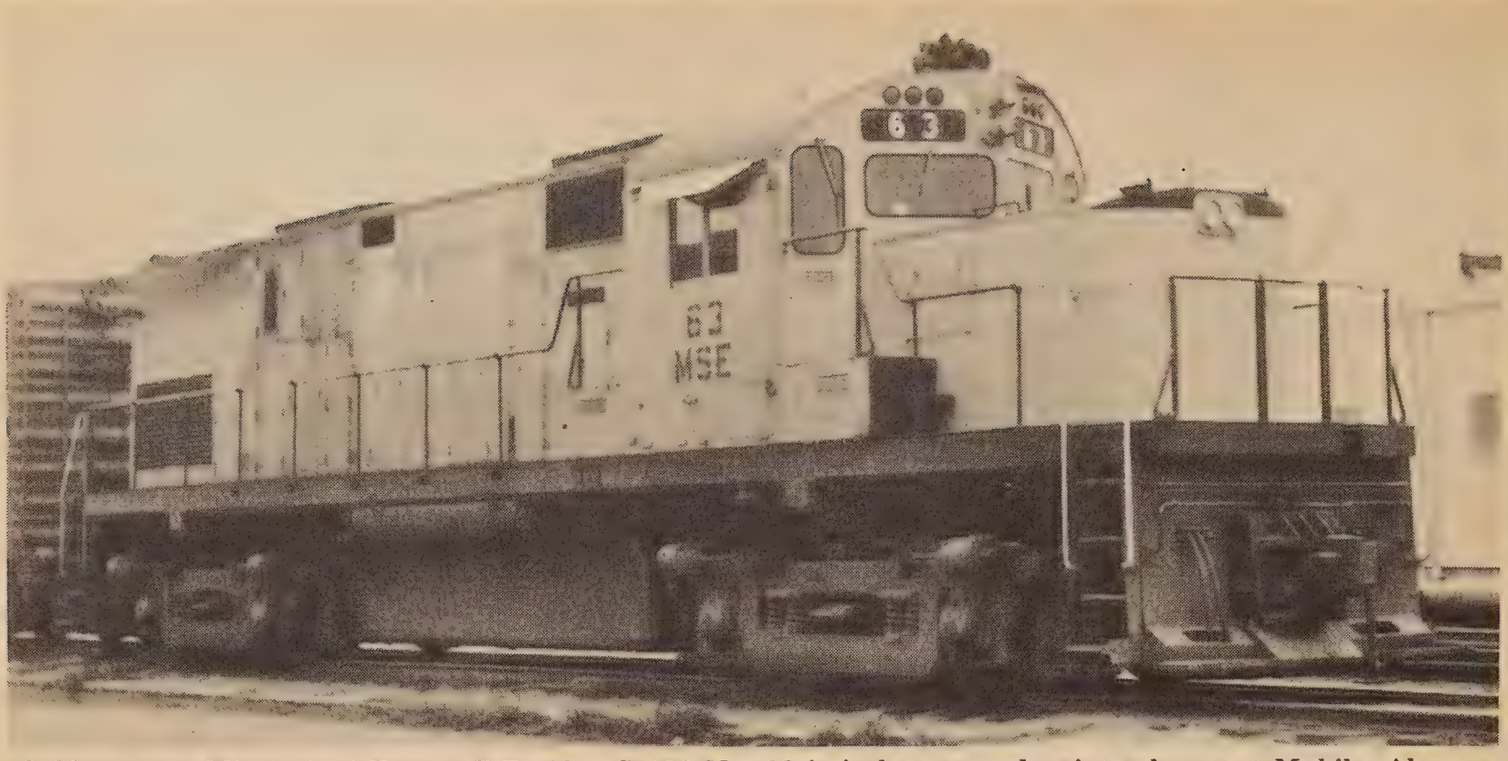
WELL, the *Preamble Express* rolled into Omaha looking just as it did when in Cincinnati; but it left with Union Pacific E-9A #951, repainted red, white, and blue by EMD at La Grange, Illinois. The leased Delaware & Hudson U-23B, #2312, went back to Colonie, where hopefully D&H will retain the paint scheme with their road name replacing the *Preamble Express* lettering.

Traveling hosts John and Nancy Killoran also left the train, which precipitated a lot of rumors. Nancy had told me of friction with co-sponsor EMD as to the use of General Electric power on the *Preamble.* There is some consternation as to what power would be used on the 24-car *Freedom Train* itself. Some people say there will be no *Freedom Train,* as EMD refuses to use steam power. If so, why continue the pre-tour of the *Preamble Express?* The *Preamble's* last stop was Providence, R.I., this November.

Now, I can see why EMD dislikes to co-sponsor a steam-powered trip, but I doubt if the *Freedom Train* itself will be dumped. Of course, replacing two Nickel Plate 2-8-4's with whatever new units EMD wants to show off, would anger many railfans, including me; but we have to agree that railfans don't count much at La Grange, with the possible exception of one who also happens to be president of the Southern. Business is business, and advertising counts.

Jerry Mart, 2819 Lindsey Dr., Hopkinsville, Kt. 42240

Amtrak SDP40F No. 566 working the detoured (by derailment) *Floridian* through the yards at Guthrie, Kentucky, in May, 1974.



Seldom-seen Mississippi Export R.R. Alco C-420 No. 63 is in her second paint scheme at Mobile, Ala., on the Illinois Central Gulf in Dec. '72. After wheel work, she was returned to MSE; is now a lone C-420.

Glen Anderson, 4007 S. Lone Palm, Tucson, Ariz. 85730

Why promote the engines that EMD has fought all its life to replace—especially two of those which successfully held off the Geeps until 1958? Of course, all this is speculation.

Signs to watch for: NKP #763 is being rebuilt at Elizabethport, N.J. You fellows in the area, tell me how's she coming along. The 755 will be moved from Conneaut, Ohio, probably to Elizabethport also—you guys in Conneaut, is she still there? You can be pretty sure that if these two big steamers are spruced up, they'll be used. Conversely, if the rebuilding slows to a standstill, the *Freedom Train* will run with EMD diesels. Time will tell.

JAPANESE NATIONAL RYS., famed for their 125-mph "bullet" trains of the New Tokaido Line, are preparing to test-run their nation's first linear-motor-type train capable of a maximum speed of 300 mph. Testing will be done on Japan's southernmost major island, Kyushu, beginning in the spring of 1976, the year of the U.S. Bi-Centennial. It *could* pave the way for a high-speed, pollution-free mass transit system of the future.

Linear motors are designed to utilize the electro-magnetic energy which results from the phenomenon that electrons of the same polarity repell each other. The powerful force they produce both lifts the train above the guide-rail and provides high-speed lateral propulsion. Noise and vibration common to conventional trains are eliminated, as the wheel-less train will virtually "float" above the rail bed. Development of linear-motored trains is a revolutionary step. Thus far, the U.S. and some European nations have been experimenting with the air-induction method whereby a cushion of air is utilized to lift the train above the track bed.

Passenger safety and comfort will be emphasized in runs on the 43-mile line to be built for the 1976 tests. A half-scale model of the futuristic-looking trains will make a top speed of 300 mph. The economic feasibility of operating at such speed, as well as the impact of driving wind and rain, will be studied.

SEABOARD COAST LINE power is again brightening the Cincinnati scene. New U-18B #357 was delivered to the Louisville & Nashville in mid-September. Coming the other way was SCL RS-3 1154 (ex-SAL 1641), in poor shape, with wreck damage to the long hood and radiator. No doubt she will end her days at Naporano Iron & Metals in New Jersey, as have most of her sisters.

Also seen was SCL SD-45 #2036, operating as second unit on a northbound L&N train into DeCoursey on Sept. 27th, with the slogan "Pulling for You" painted in yellow under her cab.

Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac sent its blue and gray Alco S-2's numbered 51, 52, and 55 to Precision National with the lettering painted out, evidently in trade for new units. The three switchers were routed over the Chesapeake & Ohio to Cincinnati, and over B&O and Illinois Central Gulf to destination. They left Cincinnati on Indianapolis #90 (B&O train) on Sept. 25th. I think these were three of the Alcos that RF&P had stored in the Richmond, Va., passenger yards for some time. The 55 is an old friend of mine. She used to rattle past me night after night when we both were working in RF&P's Potomac Yard near Washington, D.C.

DETAILS on the tragic Penn Central bridge wreck that we have discussed come from Bill McDaniel, 6532 Maplehurst, North Olmsted, Ohio 44070. Bill is an Erie Lackawanna trainmaster. The train was an eastbound unit grain movement from Columbus, Ohio, to Collinwood (Cleveland). For some reason, the engineer ran through protective signals and smashed into the lowered counterweight on vertical lift bridge #1 over the Cuyahoga River, compressing two GP-40's into a mass of metal just twelve feet long!

As the engineer involved was one of PC's safest and best men, he must have suffered a heart attack or some other sudden illness before the crash. A quirk of fate caused the fireman to miss the signals also. The lead unit

had radio trouble, and he was back in the second unit, probably trying to raise Collinwood Yard for clearance and track assignment. This practice is standard in the area.

What really makes this tragedy stranger than fiction is the fact that the head-end brakeman failed to board the train as it left Columbus. There are rumors as to why he didn't board, one rumor having to do with an old problem—women. A Penn Central man I know says the reports were falsified to cover the brakeman's absence. A full-scale underwater search for his body was called off only when the conductor confessed that the man hadn't been aboard. All of the surviving crew members were reportedly dismissed, pending investigation.

Bill and his crew were unloading an ore boat at Erie Lackawanna's ore dock, adjacent to the bridge, when the wreck occurred. The fireman in the second cab was cut out alive, but died en route to a hospital. Boat traffic was held up two days until the wreckage was cleared from the river and the bridge pronounced safe. Bill says it was never quite clear why the bridge was in raised position. According to the *Cleveland Plain Dealer,* the last boat had passed through at least five minutes before the wreck.

Bill McDaniel is a past resident of my home city and a member of the Cincinnati Railroad Club. He is (or was) of no small dimension and fitted the nickname we gave him—"Earthquake McGoon." To land the job on the EL, however, he was told by the company surgeon that he'd have to lose weight. So he went from 290 to 210!

NOW for a report from John C. Benyo, 103 2nd Street, Derry, Pa. 15627: Penn Central recently has been using pairs of Alco Centuries (C-628, C-630, and C-636 models) as pushers up to Derry from Pittsburgh. John sees this as a "last assignment" possibility, pointing out that many obsolete Pennsy units were assigned to that job before they died—notably the Baldwin Centipedes, not to mention F-M and other Baldwin power.

However, two Penn Central C-630's were seen in Cincinnati the last week of September, Nos. 6323 and 6327. So all of them are not in pusher service.

Derry used to be a fine place to watch Pennsy trains—everything, it seems, found its way there sooner or later. When I was last in Derry the "Standard Railroad of the World" was getting the last miles out of some J-1 2-10-4's in helper service out of Pitcairn, Pa. Since John admires the big Alcos, he hopes their use in Derry does not spell their doom. According to cab markings, all of the PC Centuries I have seen lately are assigned to Conway for service.

Brand new Amtrak locomotives Nos. 549 & 550 pulling the crack northbound *Floridian* with an on-time schedule of arrival and departure at the Hollywood station, Hollywood, Fla., April 21, 1974. One noticeable feature of these new SDP-40-F's is the quietness of engines idling at the depot. Photograph by Thomas P. Cheesborough

ASK and Ye Shall Receive Department: I mentioned in the August column that I'd never seen a photo of Mississippi Export C-420 #63. Suddenly I have four of them, plus a slide. One came from Glenn Anderson, 4007 S. Lone Palm, Tucson, Ariz. 85730, who had found the unit in an Illinois Central freight in Mobile, Ala., two years ago, heading for the IC shops for wheel-work.

ACCORDING to H. Michael Yuhas, president of the PC-6 Club of Long Island, who lives at 103 Jefferson Ave., Port Jefferson, N.Y. 11777, those air foils found on the long hoods of Long Island's C-420's are for the purpose of lifting the exhaust fumes out of the engineer's face. Smoke deflectors on diesels? Mike also says the C-420's are run long end forward. The Long Island also uses Alco RS-1's, RS-2's, RS-3's, and leased Geeps from both Bangor & Aroostook and Precision National to haul passengers, in combination with the C-420's. Currently, LIRR is repositioning the markers on the C-420's (originally in the hood "notches") to the front of the long hood. Nos. 214 and 226 have the new sealed beam lights. So do power cars 600, 604-606, and 617-618.

THERE WERE air horns on steam locos (Southern Pacific *Daylights,* C&NW, Meridian & Bigbee), but who would believe diesels have steam whistles? I learn from Alan Oxley, 1004 Roselawn Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich. 49001, that several PC switchers in his area have steam whistles! One is SW-1 #8500. The old Michigan Central (NYC) mainline now serves mostly Amtrak trains. Alan yearns for a good, long freight and units other than the standardized GP-38's and U-boats. He sees four passenger trains a day,

but the only "unusual" loco in his town is an SD unit.

Things change pretty quickly, so hopefully Alan will be patient until Kalamazoo generates some more freight traffic. He's also waiting for the promised return to slick paper in *Railroad Magazine.*

RUN-THROUGH freights of CP Rail-C&O, mentioned in last month's column, are putting CP Rail power into Detroit these days. Bob Smalarz of that city spotted CP power in Rougemere Yard. On Sept. 28, CP had GP-38's 3000 and 3002, also GP-35 5002 and the leased Precision RS-27, 900. Previously, three CP GP-38's came in: 3002, 3003, and 3005. CP Rail has made GP-38's #3000-3005 available for international service to handle this train, besides assigning GP-30's and GP-35's as backup power. Evidently Bob saw the last CP trip of PNC 900—it was returned to Precision, which quickly leased it out again.

NEWS FROM CANADA this month is voluminous. Apparantly CP Rail is not interested in the new wide-cab designs as is Canadian National. Some of the M-630's on the western divisions have had ditch lights added and are to be used in leading position wherever possible. Maine Central #13 was spotted riding through Ottawa on a flatcar destined for Spruce Falls Pulp & Paper at Kapuskasing, Ontario. Both CP Rail and CNR dictate the policies of the Northern Alberta Ry. Although CP Rail has OK'd new units for the NAR, Canadian National won't budge, and NAR has to make do with leased units from both parents. CNR is hoping to send all leased power home (20 Grand Trunk Western units) by late fall, which will clear the system of "foreign" power.

Transit strikes in both Toronto and Montreal taxed the Budd RDC's operated by CP Rail in both cities. In Toronto, up to 65 passengers have been carried in the baggage section of RDC's. In fact, benches were added in the baggage compartment, and the baggage doors are left ajar to provide ventilation. Both large Canadian lines got a look at the new LRC lightweight train, which is now in Pueblo, Colo., on the DOT test track. The notable CP Baldwin DRS-4-4-1000 #8005 was scrapped at Ogden on August 24th.

WESTINGHOUSE Air Brake Division of WABCO has received an order from General Electric for 100 sets of a new tandem brake control arrangement. The new 26DS brake valve kit will be added to the 28LAV-1 vacuum brake equipment on South African Railway switchers. They allow the engineer to move from one side of the cab to the other without losing braking continuity. The brake valve on the right-hand side is the "master," the one on the left becomes the "slave." Each movement is duplicated across the cab.

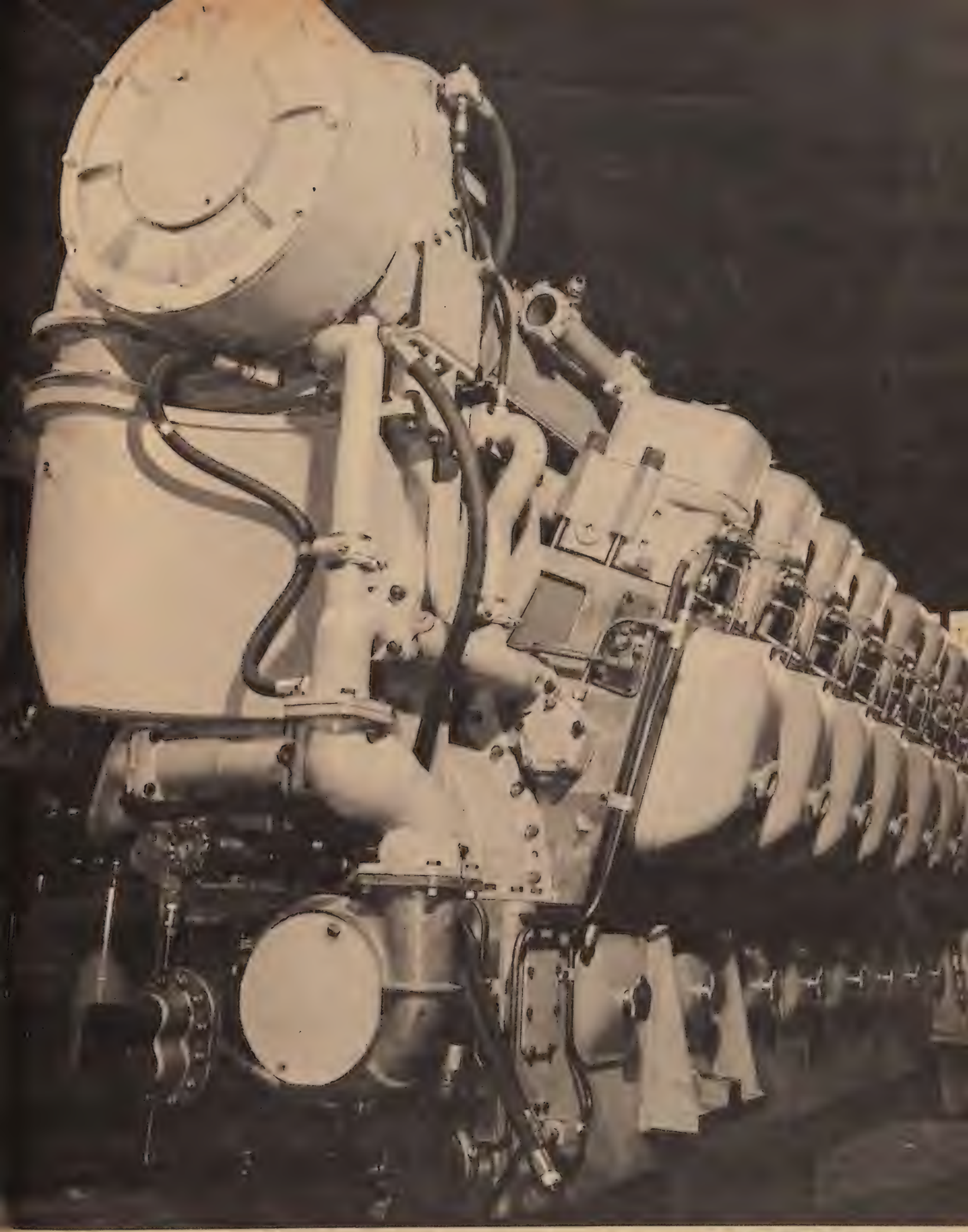
ROCK ISLAND is planning to sell 80 locomotives to Precision National and will lease them back after Morrison-Knudsen have rebuilt them. Locos involved are GP-7's and GP-9's, all to be rebuilt over an 18-month period. Precision would pay $6 million for them and $10.5 million for rebuilding. Precision National Leasing of Mt Vernon, Ill., is a subsidiary of Stinnes Corp, owned by two West German concerns.

BOTH Missouri Pacific and Seaboard Coast Line are ordering new diesels. SCL spent $50 million on 145 engines. MP wants 80 new engines and close to 3000 new freight cars for a total of $100 million. SCL split their order between two builders, with 85 EMD's and 60 GE's. Seventy of the new babies are slated for Louisville.

Missouri Pacific is getting 74 EMD's and six from GE. Not to be outdone, Chicago & North Western ordered 60 more EMD's at a cost of $22 million, which the road needs to move freight. Of the new units, 35 will be 3000-hp road units (GP-40-2's). 15 will be MP-15 road-switchers, and 10 will be 2000-hp SD-38-2's for use on the Proviso hump. When delivered, C&NW will have a total of 1018 locomotives. Oelwein Shops continues to rebuild E-8's for commuter service and should be finished with the last five by 1975. It costs Oelwein $100,000 to overhaul each unit.

AL GRUBER of New York City, writing Sept. 26th, reports the end of an era—no more electrics are pulling trains out of Grand Central Terminal! All of the P class electrics we spoke of in our September issue have been removed from service and their runs taken over by the FL-9 dual-power locomotives (both diesel and straight electric power). The P class has for years pulled passenger trains out to Harmon, N.Y., where they were first turned over to steam and then diesels. Now, no more loco changes. Al says five S class electrics are still being used in switching service around Grand Central—a terminal which, incidentally, is right next door to the *Railroad Magazine* office.

A Halloween pumpkin? That's what Burlington E-8 No. 9966 looked like as she sat "bedraggled-looking" in the Hialeah yards of SCL repair shops in Miami, Fla., March 16, '74. Windshield was removed for another E-8. Thomas P. Cheesborough, Box 324, Coconut Grove Station, Fla. 33133



Alco's 16-cylinder model 251 Vee-type diesel engine shows turbosupercharger at top. Engine is rated 2400 hp.

White Pass & Yukon in 1972. (Top) Nos. 109 and 104, both MLW DL535E's, ready to leave Skagway, Alaska, for the Yukon. (Bottom) No. 110, shown at fuel rack in Skagway, was the last DL535E locomotive to be built. R. B. Bixby, 826 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60605

FIRE in a huge old warehouse along the C&O main in Newport, Ky. on Sept. 23rd forced the rerouting of the eastbound Amtrak train *Riley,* which was run east over the B&O to Chillicothe, Ohio, and down the C&O's "Northern" (ex-Hocking Valley) line to Russell, Ky., where it rejoined the C&O main, eight hours late. That's the first passenger train over the old Hocking Valley in many a moon!

THIS MONTH we feature two distinctive and yet "special purpose" models that add flavor to the diverse diesel types running today.

The first of these is the MLW Industries Export Model DL535E, of which ten were built for the three-foot-gauge White Pass & Yukon. The WP&Y is an isolated rail line connecting Skagway, Alaska, with Whitehorse in Yukon Territory. Its roster included some industrial-sized units, and 11 GE C-C 800-hp road units fitted with streamlined bodies and snow-pushing shovel-noses.

In May, 1969, WP&Y took delivery of seven new MLW DL535's, rated at 1200 hp on a C-C wheel arrangement. Power is a six-cylinder Alco 251 prime mover. The locos bear a resemblance to the Alco C-420, without the hood notches, except for the roof lines, which are very strange. Boxy air intakes and cooling system vents are placed so as to cope better with bitter cold, ice, and snow.

Just back of the cab a box runs the full width of the roof. Midway down the unit a rounded duct appears, in the style of the old Alco DL-109's. Above the radiator shutters at the rear of the hood is another box with still another set of intakes, protected by moveable shutters as is the main radiator intake. A single rectangular stack rises from the roof behind the rounded duct. The roofline gives the loco unique look.

White Pass took delivery of three more units in December, 1971. Two of the original 1969 units, the 101 and 105, while still spanking new, were destroyed by fire. Also lost in the 1969 fire was Plymouth ML-6, a 175-hp four-wheeler that had been U.S. Army #7651, numbered WP&Y 3. Eight units remain on WP&Y: the 102-104 and 106-110. You'll never see them unless you go to Skagway or Whitehorse. MLW Industries catalogued the model for other sales to three-foot-gage lines, calling it an "export model." Evidently a DL535E could still be purchased from them today, but the WP&Y's order remains the only example.

OUR OTHER "one-owner, special-purpose" model is EMD's new SDP40F, currently running in Amtrak colors only. Introduced in the summer of 1973 as an entirely new model built to Amtrak specs, it closely resembles the FP-45, but carries a smaller prime mover. Overall length is 72′4″, same as FP-45.

The loco is a big, handsome cowl unit, with the carbody covering access to the prime mover, unlike the hood unit where access is from the outside. The cowl can be lifted off for access, unlike the old F-type carbody units. The main difference is that with the new cowl units, the superstructure is not part of the frame, whereas in the old F unit, the superstructure was incorporated into the frame, lending strength.

The units are big, wide, and long, with a blunt nose sloping away from under the cab windows to the side. Unlike the FP-45, the SDP40F has no walkways on the ends, with the carbody out almost to the ends of the frame. No handrails are provided at the front, but a set does appear at the rear. SDP40F is powered by a 16-cylindered 645E3 prime mover and is rated at 3000-hp at 900 rpm.

The units are air-conditioned and feature exhaust silencers (mufflers). The underbelly tanks carry 2500 gallons of fuel and 3500 of water, supplying two steam generators. They are alternator-equipped, as are all new EMD units, and ride on two six-wheel HT-C trucks, each with three D77X3 traction motors. Gearing is 57:20.

Amtrak ordered 150 of them, #500-649, and as you read this all should be rolling. Most long-distance Amtrak trains already are running behind these big, handsome units.

CONTINUE sending diesel news direct to my home, 821 Clearfield Lane, Cincinnati, Ohio 45240.

Lehigh Valley Railroad

Locomotive Roster Compiled by Sy Reich

Three Lehigh Valley Alco C-628's on their way up the Lehigh River valley on old CNJ line at Perryville, Pa., June, 1973. John D. L. Johnson, 456 Tennis Ave., Ambler, Pa. 19002

Railroad Class	Road Numbers	Hp	Builder	Builder's Model	Wheel Arngt	Tractive Effort	Weight	Date	Notes
G-2E	50-51	225	Mack	45-ton	C	22,500	90,000	1929	1
G-3E	52	225	Mack	60-ton	C	30,000	120,000	1930	1
G-3E	60(1st)	225	Mack	60-ton	C	30,000	120,000	1930	1
DS-1	60 (2nd); 61-62	380	GE	44-ton	B-B	26,400	88,000	1942	2
BB-2	75-76	400	EMC	60	B-B	34,325	137,300	1930	3
BB-1	99	300	AGEIR	----	B-B	30,000	120,000	1926	40
BB-1	100	300	AGEIR	----	B-B	30,000	120,000	1926	4
BB-1	101	300	GE	----	B-B	36,500	146,000	1927	5
BB-3	102-102	300	Alco	----	B-B	33,000	132,000	1931	6
DS-2	105	600	Alco	HH 600	B-B	60,600	202,000	1932	7
G-2E	110-111 (1st)	225	Mack	45-ton	C	22,500	90,000	1929	1
G-3E	112 (1st)	225	Mack	60-ton	C	30,000	120,000	1930	1
BB-2	115-116 (1st)	400	EMC	60	B-B	34,325	137,300	1930	3
BB-1	125 (1st)	300	GE	----	B-B	36,500	146,000	1927	5
ES-66	106-107	600	GM-EMC	SW	B-B	61,200	204,000	1937	8
DS-2	108	600	GM-EMC	SW	B-B	61,200	204,000	1938	9
ES-66	109; 110 (2nd)	600	GM-EMC	SW	B-B	61,200	204,000	1938	10
DS-2	111 (2nd)	600	GM-EMC	SW	B-B	61,200	204,000	1938	11
ES-6	112 (2nd)	600	GM-EMC	SW1	B-B	60,500	201,660	1939	12
ES-6	113-114; 115 (2nd)	600	GM-EMD	SW1	B-B	60,500	201,660	1940	12
DS-3	116 (2nd)	660	Alco	HH 660	B-B	60,040	200,130	1940	13
AS-66	117	660	Alco-GE	S1	B-B	59,090	196,970	1950	45
ES-6	118-119	600	GM-EMD	SW1	B-B	59,060	196,870	1950	12
ES-9	120-123	900	GM-EMC	NW1	B-B	76,410	254,700	1937-8	14
----	124; 125 (2nd)	900	GM-EMC	NW1	B-B	76-410	254,700	1938	14
----	126-127	900	GM-EMC	NW1	B-B	76,410	254,700	1938	14
ESM-8	128	900	GM-EMC	NW1	B-B	76,410	254,700	1938	14
----	129-130	900	GM-EMC	NW1	B-B	76,410	254,700	1938	14
BS-10	135-139	1000	Baldwin	VO 1000	B-B	72,520	241,730	1944	15
BS-10	140;141 (1st)	1000	BW	DS 4-4-1000	B-B	69,270	230,900	1949	16
BS-10	141 (2nd)	1000	BW	DS 4-4-1000	B-B	69,270	230,900	1950	16
BS-10	142-143	1000	BW	DS 4-4-1000	B-B	69,270	230,900	1949	16
BS-10	144-147; 148 (1st)	1000	BW	DS4-4-1000	B-B	69,270	230,900	1950	16
BS-10	148 (2nd)	1000	BW	DS 4-4-1000	B-B	69,270	230,900	1949	16
DS-6	150-154	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	69,000	230,000	1942-3	17
DS-6	155-159	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	69,000	230,000	1943	17
DS-6	160-164	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	69,150	230,500	1943-4	17
DS-6	165	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	69,000	230,000	1949	17
AS-10	166-167	1000	Alco-GE	S4	B-B	68,910	229,700	1951	19
ES-10	180-183	1000	GM-EMD	NW2	B-B	74,460	248,200	1949	20
ES-10	184-186	1000	GM-EMD	NW2	B-B	74,460	248,200	1949	20
BS-15	200	1500	BW	DRS 4-4-1500	B-B	75,470	251,580	1948	21
ASM-15	210 (1st)	1500	Alco-GE	RS-2	B-B	73,200	244,000	1949	22, 48
ARSM-16	210 (2nd)	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	73,200	244,000	1952	48
ARS-15	211 (1st)	1500	Alco-GE	RS-2	B-B	70,770	235,900	1949	23, 48
ARS-15	211 (2nd)	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	70,770	235,900	1953	48
ARSM-15	212 (1st) 213-214	1500	Alco-GE	RS-2	B-B	70,530	235,100	1950	22, 48
ARSM-16	212 (2nd)	1600	Alco	RS-3	B-B	70,600	235,900	1955	48
ARSM-16	215-216	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	74,400	248,000	1950	24

Roster is based on data from the LV's chief mechanical officer; Precision National's traffic manager; PCT's general mechanical supt., engineering & research; SPT's chief mechanical officer-system; The Purdy Co.; Schiavone-Bonomo; Koppers' traffic manager; Historic Railroads' president; Maryland Port Administration; Striegel Supply & Equipment; Luntz Corp.; George R. Silcott; B&O's chief mechanical officer-locomotive; South Buffalo's vice pres. and supt.; T&N's asst. to v.p.o.; S&H's vice pres.; and Bethlehem Mines' supt. It is accurate as of January 8, 1974.

Locomotive builders: GE, General Electric Co.; EMC, Electro Motive Corp.; AGEIR, American Locomotive Co., General Electric Co., Ingersoll Rand Co.; Alco, American Locomotive Co.; GM-EMC, General Motors-Electro Motive Corp.; GM-EMD, General Motors-Electro Motive Div.; Alco-GE, American Locomotive Co.-General Electric Co.; BW, Baldwin-Westinghouse; BLHW, Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton-Westinghouse; Alco Pr., Alco Products. Tractive effort and weight in pounds.

(1) 110-112 (1st) were renumbered 50-51; 60 (1st); then 50-52. Both were sold to Rochester Iron & Steel Co.

(2) These units were originally classified BB-7. 60 (2nd) was sold to Acton Limestone Quarries, renumbered 60; then sold to Indusmin Ltd., renumbered 60. 61 was sold to R.C. Staubore, Inc., then sold to the Rio Grande & Eagle Pass, renumbered 10; then sold to the Petaluma & Santa Rosa, renumbered 2 (10/46); then sold to Southern Pacific, renumbered 1905 (7/58); then sold to Purdy Co., scrapped (7/64). 62 was sold to Warner Gravel Co., renumbered 12 (2/4/46).

(3) 115-116 (1st) were EMC demonstrators 463-464; then LV 115-116 (1st) (8/31); then LV 75-76. Both were sold to Schiavone-Bonomo, scrapped (2/3/53).

(4) 100 scrapped (12/15/47).

(5) 125 (1st) renumbered 101. Sold to Koppers Co., renumbered 101 (4/16/53), then scrapped.

(6) 102 was originally Alco demonstrator 301, then LV 102. 102 was sold to General Crushed Stone Co., renumbered 102 (4/53); then scrapped. 103 scrapped (4/53).

(7) 105 was originally Alco demonstrator 601, then LV 105. Originally classed BB-4. Scrapped (3/63).

(8) 106-107 were originally classed BB-4, then DS-2. They were rebuilt to SW900's in 1956, 1958, with 660 hp., 73,520 lbs. and 69,170 lbs. of tractive effort respectively and 245,070 lbs. and 230,570 lbs. of weight respectively. Reclassed DS-3, then ES-66.

(9) 108 was originally classed BB-4, then DS-2. Scrapped (7/61).

(10) 109; 110 (2nd) were originally classed BB-4, then DS-2. 109 scrapped (6/19/61). 110 (2nd) rebuilt to an SW900 in 1957 with 660 hp., 69,000 lbs. of tractive effort, and a weight of 230,010 lbs. Reclassed DS-3, then ES-66.

(11) 111 (2nd) was originally classed BB-4, then DS-2. Scrapped (7/17/61).

(12) 112 (2nd); 113, 114; 115 (2nd); 118-119 were originally classed BB-4, then DS-2, then ES-6. 113 sold to Precision Engineering; scrapped (8/69). 114 sold to Alco Pr. (8/65), then to Maryland Port Administration, renumbered 114; then sold to Historic Railroads, renumbered Ocean City Western 114 (9/73).

(13) 116 (2nd) was originally classed BB-4, then DS-3. Scrapped (10/30/63).

(14) 120-124; 125 (2nd); 126-130 were originally classed BB-5,

LV No. 163 DS-6, built by Alco-GE in 1943-44 at Newark, N.J.

LV 574, a GM-EMD model F7A, at Newark.

Photographs by Sy Reich

Railroad Class	Road Numbers	Hp	Builder	Builder's Model	Wheel Arngt	Tractive Effort	Weight	Date	Notes
ARSM-15	217-218	1500	Alco-GE	RS-2	B-B	75,470	251,560	1949	25
ARSM-16	219	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	62,000	248,000	1950	41
ES-12	220	1200	GM-EMD	SW7	B-B	74,270	247,580	1950	26
ES-12	221-224	1200	GM-EMD	SW7	B-B	74,270	247,580	1950	26
BS-12	230-235; 236 (1st); 237-241; 242 (1st)	1200	BLHW	S-12	B-B	71,400	238,000	1950	27
BS-12	236 (2nd); 242 (2nd)	1200	BLHW	S-12	B-B	71,400	238,000	1950	27
ESM-8	250-255	800	GM-EMD	SW8	B-B	69,650	232,195	1950	28
ESM-8	256-261	800	GM-EMD	SW8	B-B	73,890	246,300	1951	28
ESM-8	262-273	800	GM-EMD	SW8	B-B	73,890	246,300	1951	28
ESM-8	274	800	GM-EMD	SW8	B-B	73,410	244,715	1952	28
ES-8	275-276	800	GM-EMD	SW8	B-B	69,410	231,375	1952	29
ESM-12	280-285	1200	GM-EMD	SW9	B-B	74,380	247,950	1951	30
ESM-12	286-292	1200	GM-EMD	SW9	B-B	74,360	247,850	1951	31
ERSM-18	300-301	1750	GM-EMD	GP9	B-B	73,780	245,940	1959	32
ERSM-18	302-305	1800	GM-EMD	GP18	B-B	74,370	247,900	1960	33
ERSM-20	310-313	2000	GM-EMD	GP38	B-B	66,050	264,200	1971	
ERSM-20	314-325	2000	GM-EMD	GP38-2	B-B	66,250	265,000	1972	
ARSM-18	400-403	1800	Alco Pr.	RS-11	B-B	74,460	248,200	1960	34
ARSM-20	404-415	2000	Alco Pr.	DL721A	B-B	78,860	262,870	1964	42
DF-1	500-503 (1st); 500B-503B	2750	GM-EMD	(FTA) x (FTB)	(B-B) x (B-B)	135,770	451,900	1945	35, 36
DF-1	500-503 (2nd); 504-507	2750	GM-EMD	(FTA) x (FTB)	(B-B) x (B-B)	135,770	451,900	1945	35, 36
EF-15	510-529	3000	GM-EMD	(F3A) + (F3B)	(B-B) (B-B)	148,460	494,870	1948	35, 37
DF-3	530-549	3000	Alco-GE	(FA-1) + (FB-1)	(B-B) + (B-B)	139,725	465,750	1948	35, 38
EF-15	560-567	3000	GM-EMD	(F7A) + (F7B)	(B-B) (B-B)	148,665	495,550	1950	35, 39
EF-15	568-572, 574	3000	GM-EMD	(F7A) + (F7B)	(B-B) + (B-B)	148,665	495,550	1951	35, 39
DF-5	580-584, 586, 588	3200	Alco-GE	(FA-2) + (FB-2)	(B-B) + (B-B)	145,833	486,110	1950	35,46
DF-5	585, 587	1600	Alco-GE	FB-2	B-B	77,250	257,500	1951	35, 46
DF-5	590	1600	Alco-GE	FA-2	B-B	77,310	257,700	1950	35, 46
DF-5	592,594	1600	Alco-GE	FA-2	B-B	73,240	244,130	1951	35, 46
DP-1	601-606	2000	Alco-GE	PA-2	A1A-A1A	60,924	304,600	1948	47
DP-1	607-614	2000	Alco-GE	PA-2	A1A-A1A	60,924	304,600	1948	47
AFM-27	625-632	2750	Alco Pr.	DL-628	C-C	116,460	388,220	1965-6	43
AFM-27	633-641	2750	Alco Pr.	DL-628	C-C	116,460	399,950	1967	43
ARSM-20	7640-7644, 7648	2000	Alco Pr.	RS-11	B-B	62,250	249,000	1957	44

then DS-5. All were rebuilt to SW900's with 900 hp., except 128-129, which have 800 hp. 120, 124 were rebuilt in 1955; 121 in 1960; 122, 125 (2nd), 127 in 1956; 123 in 1958; 126, 130 in 1957; 128-129 in 1953. 120-124, 127 were reclassed ES-9; 125 (2nd); 126, 130 reclassed ESM-9; and 128-129 reclassed ESM-8. These units have tractive efforts of about 74,000 lbs., weights about 247,000 lbs.

(15) 135-139 were originally classed BB-8, then DS-6, then BS-10. 135, 137, 138 were sold to Precision Engineering; scrapped (4/69). 136 scrapped (11/6/64). 139 sold to Alco Pr. (1/31/67).

(16) 140-148 were originally classed DS-6, then BS-10. 141 (1st) was renumbered 148 (2nd); 148 (1st) was renumbered 141 (2nd). 143, 145-147, 148 (2nd) were sold to GM-EMD and scrapped (4/72, 4/72, 4/72, 12/72). 144 sold to Precision Engineering; scrapped (6/69).

(17) 150-164 were originally classed BB-8, then DS-6. 150, 153, 155, 161-162 were sold to Alco Pr. (8/30/67), then to Streigel Supply & Equipment, then to the Baltimore & Ohio, renumbered 9145-9149. B&O 9145 sold to Luntz Corp., renumbered 9145 (11/72); then sold to George R. Silcott, renumbered 9145. B&O 9149 sold to GM-EMD; scrapped (11/70). 151, 159 were sold to the South Buffalo, renumbered 107, 106 (4/28/65). 152, 154, 157, 160, 163 were scrapped (3/5/64, 5/15/64, 9/28/64, 11/22/63, 3/31/65). 156 was sold to Alco Pr. (11/4/65). 158 was sold to Alco Pr. (11/2/65), then to the Texas & Northern, renumbered Lone Star Steel 12. 164-165 were sold to Bethlehem Steel (1/1/65), then to the South Buffalo, renumbered 104-105. (18) Omitted.

(19) 166-167 originally classed DS-6, then AS-10. 166-167 were sold to Precision Engineering, renumbered 166-167 (3/69); then sold to the Steelton & Highspire, renumbered 66-67. S&H 67 was sold to Bethlehem Mines Corp., renumbered 2.

(20) 180-186 were originally classed DS-6, then ES-10. 186 was sold to GM-EMD; scrapped (12/72).

(21) 200 was originally classed DRS-1, then BS-15. 200 was sold to GM-EMD; scrapped (12/72).

(22) 210, 212 (1st); 213-214 were originally classed DRS-1, then ASM-15. 213 (1st), 214 reclassed ARSM-15.

(23) 211 (1st) was originally classed DRS-1, then AS-15, then ARS-15.

(24) 215-216 were originally classed DRS-2, then ASM-16, then ARSM-16.

(25) 217-218 were originally Chesapeake & Ohio 5500-5501, class MRSA-15; then LV 217-218, class DRS-1, then classed ASM-15, then ARSM-15.

(26) 220-224 originally classed DS-7, then ES-12.

(27) 230-243 originally classed DS-7, then BS-12. 236 (1st) renumbered 242 (2nd); 242 (1st) renumbered 236 (2nd). 231, 233, 235, 242 (2nd) were sold to GM-EMD and scrapped (12/72, 12/72, 4/72, ?). 237 was sold to Precision Engineering; scrapped (4/69). 238-239 scrapped (9/68).

(28) 250-274 originally classed DS-4, then ESM-8.

(29) 275-276 originally classed DS-4, then ES-8.

(30) 280-285 originally classed DS-7, then ESM-12.

(31) 286-292 originally classed DS-7, then ES-12, then ESM-12. 290 scrapped (10/68).

(32) 300-301 originally classed DRS-3, then ESM-18, then ERSM-18. Both rebuilt from FT's.

(33) 302-305 originally classed DRS-3, then ESM-18, then ERSM-18. These units rebuilt from FT's.

(34) 400-403 originally classed DRS-4, then ASM-18, then ARSM-18. They were rebuilt from older units.

(35) Even-numbered units were cab units, odd-numbered units were boosters.

(36) 500 (1st), 500B, 501 (1st), 501B, 502 (1st), 502B, 503 (1st), 503B were renumbered 500-503 (2nd), 504-507. 500-503 (2nd), 504-505 were sold to GM-EMD in trade for 304, 305, 300, 302, 303, 301. 506-507 were scrapped (7/61).

(37) 510, 517, 520 were sold to Alco Products, scrapped. 511-512, 514-516, 518, 522-524, 527, 529 were sold to Precision Engineering, scrapped. 513, 519, 521, 525 sold to GM-EMD, scrapped. 526, 528 sold to Pennsylvania Railroad as trade-in material, and scrapped.

(38) 530-535, 537-540, 542, 545-549 were sold to Alco Products, scrapped. 536, 541, 543-544 scrapped.

(39) 560-561, 563-565, 567, 569-571 were sold to Precision Engineering, scrapped. 562, 556, 572, 574 were sold to GM-EMD, scrapped. 568 sold. 560-574 originally classed DF-4, then EF-15.

(40) LV 99 was originally Utah Copper Co. 600, then Ingersoll Rand 600 (1/32), then LV 99 (1/32); scrapped (6/50).

(41) 219 was originally Tennessee Central 251, then Precision Engineering 251, then LV 219 (1/19/72).

(42) 404-415 originally classed ASM-20, then ARSM-20.

(43) 625-641 originally classed AF-27, then AFM-27. 633-641 originally Monon 400-408, then LV 633-641.

(44) 7640-7644, 7648 originally PRR 8640-8644, 8648; then LV 7640-7644, 7648.

(45) 117 originally classed BB-4, then DS-3, then AS-66. 117 was sold to Precision Engineering, renumbered 117 (4/69); then sold to Gold Kist Soy Co., renumbered 117.

(46) 580-588, 590, 592, 594 sold to Alco Pr., scrapped.

(47) 601-602, 613 sold to PRR as trade-in material, and scrapped. 603, 607-608 scrapped. 604, 609-610, 612, 614 sold for scrap. 605-606, 611 sold to I.A. Shulman & Sons, scrapped.

(48) 210-212 (1st) sold to Penn Central, renumbered 5461 (2nd), 5569 (2nd), 5401 (2nd), but not used by PC. 210-212 (2nd) were originally PRR 8461, 8445, 8601; then PC 5461 (1st), 5569 (1st), 5401 (1st); then LV 210-212 (2nd). PC units were traded to GE for new PC power. •

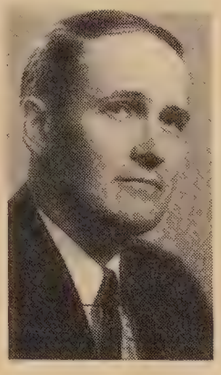
LV 274 idles between jobs in Newark yards.

The 280 plays middleman in Newark yards.

STEVE MAGUIRE'S

TRANSIT TOPICS

Up in the air on the ground. Melbourne & Metropolitan Tramways Board car 1024 grinds along St. Kilda Rd., Melbourne, Australia, in Nov. '72. D. Jowett, 40 Edmond St., Mordialloc 3195, Victoria, Australia



SEPTEMBER 27th, for me, was a red letter day, for then I saw, rode, and photographed the first new *light rail vehicle* — once known as a trolley —to be built in the United States since 1952! This exciting event happened at the Boeing Vertol plant in Ridley Park, Pa., an industrial suburb of Philadelphia. The complete operating car bearing the red and cream color of the Municipal Railway of San Francisco is the first of 100 being turned out for that system. Another 150 will go the Boston Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority.

At the Boeing plant I saw a dozen new cars under construction. Outside, almost 100 body shells were awaiting the assembly line. Schedules call for approximately one entire car to be produced each day. By next April some of the cars are expected to be ready for shipment to Boston and San Francisco for tests on lines recently rebuilt for these very sophisticated, wonderfully-riding vehicles.

The cars for both cities are almost identical, aside from their respective colors of green and cream and red and cream. The Boston ones will be air-conditioned; the others will use an air-circulating device for a city which does not have Boston's extremes of temperature. The San Francisco cars will have side-door steps that can be retracted up to floor level for stops at the platform-level stations on the Market Street subway that is currently being built.

With the construction of such vehicles now in progress and the increased interest in rail service in medium-sized cities, you should read some of the many newspaper and magazine articles on the subject. *Railway Age,* for example, had a 4-page illustrated feature in its August 12th issue entitled **"Moving People: Watch for a Boom in Light Rail."** Besides details of the new LRV cars and their advantage over other forms of transportation, associate editor Tom Kizzia presented details of progress toward rapid transit with such vehicles in seven U.S. and three Canadian cities. B. Russell, of Glen Ridge, N.J., sent me that issue.

Evan the prestigious *Wall Street Journal* ran a front-page story on August 14th entitled. **"Troubled Transit: In the Good Old Days U.S. Commuters Were Better Off Than Now."** In it staff reporter Lewis M. Phelps recalled some excellent transit systems of years ago when streetcars and interurbans were at their peak, also pointing out how the abandoned rights-of-way of these bygone lines were now being considered for rapid transit service today.

PITTSBURGH'S Skybus project appears to be in serious trouble, which doesn't break our heart. Jim Cerny of that city tells us that Pennsylvania's governor, Milton J. Shapp, following what he believes to have been a cue from Federal transit authorities, has said that no additional state funds for Skybus would be available at least in 1974.

Governor Shapp said also that, in any case, there was no way whereby Skybus could be built under the recently enacted Federal rail reorganization law. That law, prohibiting the abandonment of tracks, would require a time-consuming redraft of the project.

The unhappy experiences of similar people-movers at Morgantown, W. Va., and even at the Dallas-Ft. Worth Airport, are leading to speculation as to the ability of the controversial Skybus to even approach the usefulness of a true rapid transit operation. It is most regrettable that such a project was forced upon people in the Pittsburgh area who are hostile to it. The coercion was done by a few men in authority who refused to consider the more efficient rapid transit now being built in many other U.S. cities.

LTV Airtrans people-mover problems at the Dallas-Ft. Worth Airport are covered in a recent issue of the *Oak Cliff Tribune* sent to us by Wally Eakins of Dallas. The article mentions rumors that the beleaguered Airtrans project may be scrapped in favor of a modern-age baggage and personnel shuttle system.

The future of the Morgantown **people-mover** project remains in jeopardy, according to *New York Times* correspondent Robert Lindsay, who recalls that;

> When the Transportation Department originally agreed to help finance the project, the estimated cost was $13.5 million. University officials assert that political pressure to have a test car running before the 1972 Presidential election—as well as unforeseen technical problems—added tens of millions to the cost. Federal officials say the total cost for a 3.2-mile system is now projected at $115 million or more—possibly much more considering recent inflation.
>
> Both sides in a Federal-state dispute over the unfinished transit system still talk about the possibility of having it demolished. But both camps assert they want to avoid this course and are gingerly seeking a compromise. However, they are still far from agreement. The new study will seek to identify grounds for a compromise.

The following story, one of a series of three appearing in the *Journal,* was sent to us by Dan Pickett of Fort Worth. It has an account of the interurbans from rise to fall and the present condition of the South Shore Line, last remnant of the fast, long-distance interurban of yesterday.

> Today, the South Shore struggles to keep its passenger business running. The same Insull-era cars that once carried

Phila. Suburban Trans'n Co. 55 has a juice versus steam talk with Pennsy loco at Limerick, Pa., in 1947.
Collection of Robert Lewis, 202 Sheffield Road, Cherry Hill, N.J.

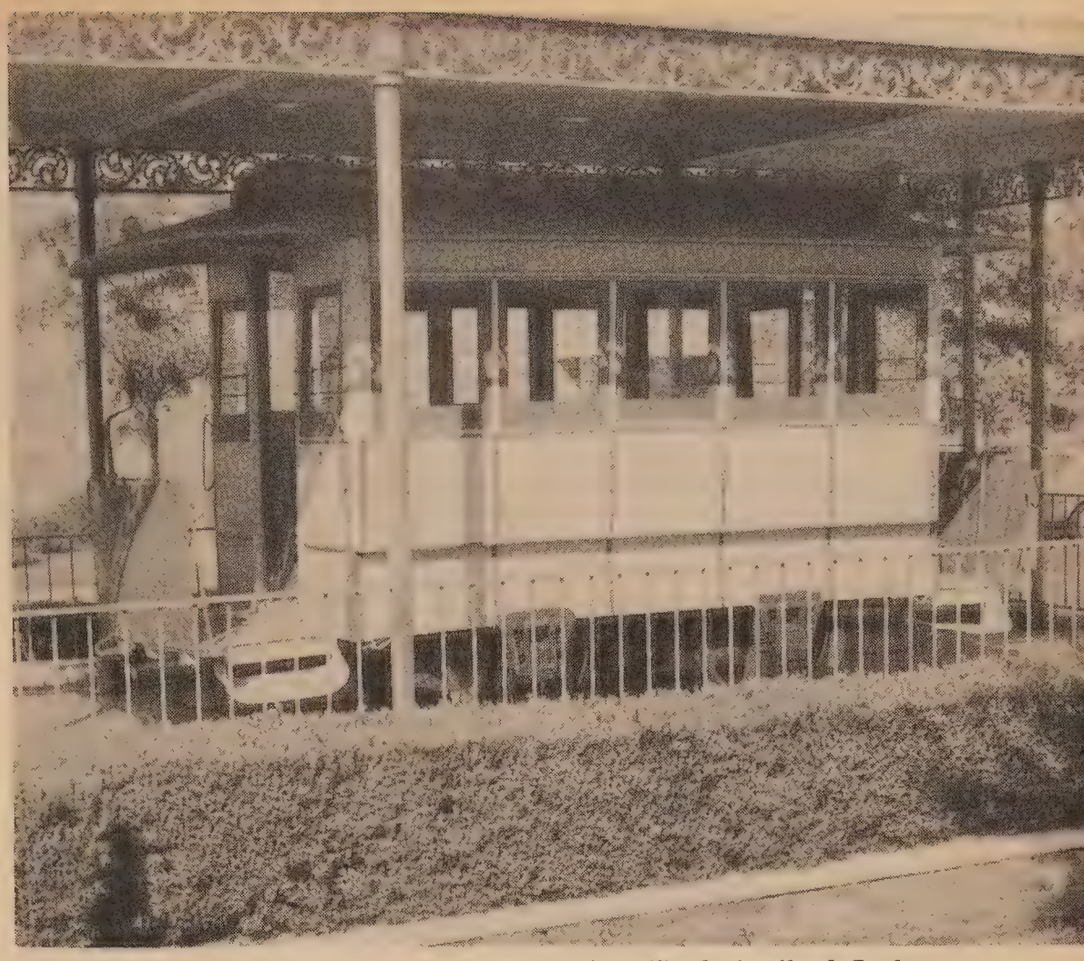
New Luxemburg subway station in Brussels, Belgium. Streetcars temporarily use completed tunnel sections.
Brussels, Belgium, Public Transport System

Chicago socialites to the Indiana dunes recreation area and thousands of Notre Dame football fans to South Bend have become a constant headache to keep running, according to A.W. Dudley, current president of the railroad.

"These cars are such antiques that we have to make 60 percent of our own repair parts when they break down, which is often," he says. "Schedules have been cut back to 39 trains a day from 59, taking some pressure off the aging cars, but within the next few years, the breakdown of equipment may well be the deciding factor in the total disruption of passenger service," he warns. Political disputes so far have prevented Government allocations of some $35 million needed to resurrect the passenger operations.

The cars themselves haven't changed significantly since they were built in 1926. The original plush upholstery seats have been recovered several times with more serviceable cloth that nevertheless is tattered and faded. Paint is chipping off the overhead luggage racks, and the original dim lights flicker as a car's pantograph skips along the overhead power line.

Even in their decrepit condition, the South Shore's rail cars aren't really uncomfortable. Their utilitarian design was typical of what rolled on interurban tracks all over the country. The fact that they operate at all, Mr. Dudley believes, is "a real tribute to the workmanship that went into them."



Mule car restored in 1964 was last used on Toulminvile & Lafayette St. line in 1902 and was installed at Mobile, Ala., auditorium in 1969.

Wilbur T. Golson, 1324 Marque Ann Dr., Baton Rouge, La. 70815

BAY AREA Rapid Transit (BART) opening cermonies for the trans-Bay tube between San Francisco and Oakland on September 14th were not without incident, several readers report. Two 10-car trains were set up to carry 1,000 invited guests from Lake Merritt station to Oakland West station and then on through the tube to San Francisco. One train ran on the westbound track, while the other ran eastbound in the same direction.

No other trains were in service at the time.

The two trains ran side by side for the trip to Oakland West, but at that location one of them developed a flat wheel and was taken out of service. Passengers from both trains had to crowd aboard the one remaining string of cars for the return strip to San Francisco. Even Mayor Joseph Alioto of San Francisco had to stand for this trip back to his city through the 40-mile tube. By the time the guests were ready for the return trip from San Francisco, a spare 10-car train had been brought in, making plenty of room for those going back to Oakland.

COINCIDENTALLY, at the same time of the BART first-run festivities, a somewhat similar occasion at Sao Paulo, Brazil, marked the Metro's first run. The Sao Paulo system, openeng its first 4½ miles of track and seven stations, saw about 1,000 employes and 4,000 guests at this affair. The route, from Vila Marinara to Jabaquara, is the first portion of a network that will eventually reach most parts of this very congested city, whose highway traffic problems brought about the end of its streetcar system years ago.

Peter Witt car 2894 circling the Toronto downtown area on TTC Belt Line Tour Tram service in summer of '74. Girl is a sight-seeing guide.

James L. Alain, Pin Stump Jct., Chassell, Mich. 49916

SEVERAL readers take issue with a statement by Peter J.C. Horn of Montreal which said track grades in excess of 6 percent were too steep for adhesion running on steel wheels. According to Ivan Saunders, 509 Second St., Brownsville, Pa. 15417, many trolley lines in Pittsburgh alone had grades exceeding 6 percent. Their steepest line was at the top of Federal Street on the North Side, where the Fineview route turned off: between 12 and 13 percent! Mr. Horn is either kidding us or else he has confused steam railroading with rapid transit. Other readers mention the grades steeper than 6 percent in San Francisco and Toronto.

ADD Toledo, Ohio, to the list of cities considering installation of a

short trolley line in downtown shopping areas, writes Oliver Bathurst, 511 Orwig St., Napoleon, Ohio 43545, who says plans for such a line have been delayed by problems in getting trolley cars from Portugal. The latest idea is to buy a car from the Ohio Railway Museum at Worthington to run on the line.

GENERAL URQUIZA interurban system at Buenos Aires, Argentina, had second-hand equipment from U.S. interurban lines for many years. Ex-Pacific Electric and Key System units used to form the backbone of the service, but all of them are gone now. So says Ron Salters, 26 Pierce Rd., Weymouth, Mass. 02188. A new fleet of Japanese-built m.u. cars has been received there. Ron saw them in the Lynch yards last summer. When delivery is completed, all old ex-U.S. cars will be gone from this line, now part of the Argentine Railways system.

RIO DE JANIERO'S new Metro subway is running into the same type of troubles that Bay Area Rapid Transit had a few years ago when rising costs and shortage of material put construction off schedule, writes George S. Mitchell, 606 Rambling Rd., Grand Junction, Colo. 81501. Nevertheless, Rio authorities predict that the first two portions of the system will be ready and operating by 1977. They will be a 6-mile line between Botafoga and Estacio and a 3-mile route between Largo da Gloria and Central do Brasil (railroad station). Eventually the system will include three lines, 54 stations, and 50 miles of route.

W.L. HAYS' article in our September issue, "In the Glory Days of Interurbans," mentioned three ex-Cincinnati & Lake Erie lightweight interurbans (Nos. 111, 118, and 119) as being preserved in operating trolley museums. According to George Benziger, 148 Broad St., Guilford, Conn. 06437, Hays did not know that No. 116 was now at the Branford Electric Railway Museum in East Haven, Conn. George reports that the ex-C&LE 116 interurban car is "alive and well," and being operated along with 85 other pieces of equipment.

The fact that as many as four of these interurban cars are now intact in museums is due primarily to the fact that the Cedar Rapids & Iowa City interurban line, to which they were sold after abandonment of the C&LE in 1938, continued in service until the 1950s. By that time the era of trolley museums had begun and buyers who realized the museum value of such cars were glad to acquire them.

U.S. SECRETARY of Transportation Claude S. Brinegar announces a supplemental grant of $50,400,000 to the Metropolitan Atlanta (Ga.) Rapid Transit Authority. This supplements a previous grant of $69,533,333 to assist the city in building a 50.1-mile rail rapid transit system and three busway routes. Mr. Brinegar notes that although some delays have occurred in the first year's activities, "a high degree of organization and mobilization has been attained." The project is expected to cost about $1.8 billion. Federal commitments to the project now total $167.3 million.

MELBOURNES'S TRAMWAYS IN 1974, by David R. Keenan, 50 pages, 7½x 9½", with soft cover binding; $3.50 in U.S. money from Transit Press, P.O. Box 9, Sans Souci, N.S.W., Australia 2219.

Melbourne's street railway system is one of the world's largest, carrying over 104 million passengers a year, mostly by surface tramcar. Keenan tells a detailed story of the present system, with photos on all pages. Cars operating out of the many tram depots are listed separately, and there is a two-page boldout map. The book is an excellent description of the system, whether or not you intend to visit the city.

A NEW PUBLICATION, *Horsecars, Cable Cars and Omnibuses,* has been compiled by John H. White, Jr., one of our magazine's *Interesting Railfans,* from an 1888 Album of the John Stephenson Co. Included are 107 drawings and builders' photos taken in front of the Stephenson plant between the years 1831 and 1888. All types of horsecars are shown, with open and closed cars and special-purpose cars. Reproductions are as perfect as the originals must have been. This work has a special appeal for anyone interested in details of the earliest horsecar bodies, built in the U.S. and sold both in the country and overseas. Copies of the 140-page book with soft covers, 11½x8", may be had at $4 each from Dover Publications, Inc., of 180 Varick St., New York, N.Y. 10014.

MONTREAL'S ELECTRIC STREETCARS, by Richard M. Binns, 152 pages 12x9" with hard cover binding; $13.95 from Railfare Enterprises, Box 1434, Station B, Montreal, Canada H3B 3L2.

The author worked for Montreal Tramways more than 30 years, during which time the company had a vast tramway system. Close contacts with the operation aided him greatly in preparing the story, dated 1892 to 1959, in both written material and the many fine old photos contained in this book. Especially detailed are the descriptions of various types of passenger and work cars. Among the 250 photos are exceptionally good views of the big, wooden, 1000-class cars that were the back-bone of suburban service early in this century. There are also several sketches, scale diagrams, route maps, and a complete roster of equipment.

Des Moines & Central Iowa R.R. heavy steel passenger car 1714, ex-Lake Shore Electric 180, built by Jewett Car Co. in 1918, ready for return run to Des Moines, 29 miles away, at Woodward Park, Iowa, July 14, '40. C.W. Jernstrom, 822 Pelham Dr., Fort Wayne, Ind. 46825

INFORMATION BOOTH

ASK BARBARA: Railroad questions are answered here—as many as space permits. Address Miss Barbara Kreimer, *Railroad Magazine*, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. No questions will be answered by mail or telephone.

1 Which U.S. railroads are now in bankruptcy?

As we go to press, there are eight such roads: Ann Arbor, Boston & Maine, Jersey Central, Erie Lackawanna, Lehigh Valley, Penn Central, and Reading, all Class I, and Lehigh & Hudson River, class II. Last May 2 the B&M, EL, and "secondary debtor" roads were found to be reorganizable on an income basis. (A secondary debtor, an ICC term, is a partially-or wholly-owned subsidiary of a carrier which leases it to the parent company that is not necessarily bankrupt.) The AA, CNJ, L&HR, LV, PC and RDG were adjudged to be so financially debilitated that their revival could be achieved only under the Regional Rail Reorganization Act of 1973.

2 Why did some steam locos use disc-type driving wheels?

Such wheels helped to reduce rail pounding. Boasting a better distribution of weight than ordinary wheels had, they were more effectively counterbalanced against the thrust of rods and pistons. The drivers didn't tend to lift off the rails. Disc-type wheels had less chance for getting "out of round" (slightly lopsided) because there was no large gap between spokes where the rim of the wheel might have broken down.

3 Your Nov. '74 "Interesting Railfan" article mentioned the Reading-Jersey Central train "Queen of the Valley." When did she make her first run?

May 18, 1902. The route mileage of this New York-Harrisburg express was one of the Reading's longest passenger runs, if not the longest.

4 Who invented the first rotary snowplow?

J.W. Elliott, a dentist of Toronto, Canada. He patented a "compound revolving snow shovel" in 1867 that proved a dud when put into service. The first successful rotary plow was built in 1883-'84 by Leslie Brothers of Orangeville, Ontario, and tested on the Canadian Pacific. Its success led to an improved design constructed in 1887 by the Danforth Locomotive Works and grabbed up by Union Pacific.

5 Define the word "trick" as used in stories about railroad telegraphers.

This word has been widely used for almost a century—not only in telegraph service—to designate the periods worked, day or night, by two or three persons covering a single position where three shifts include the entire 24-hour day. The first trick usually runs from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., the second 4 p.m. to midnight, and the third from midnight to 8 a.m. At many terminal rail offices, in years gone by, some operators worked what was called a "split trick"—a period divided into two sections that required you to be on duty from, say, 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. and from 5 p.m. to 7 p.m., a total eight hours of work.

6 I lost a Santa Fe job. Does claiming unemployment benefits obligate me to accept any job offered to me?

No. Generally, you may refuse an offer outside your normal occupation, or one in which the working conditions are unsafe, or for substantially lower pay than you usually get. However, if you decline suitable work without good cause, you may be disqualified from receiving unemployment benefits for 30 days.

7 Words, please, to "Christmas Eve," by Charles D. Dulin.

I'm here in my shack by the side of the track,
With a coal-oil lamp for light,
And the sounders click, on my graveyard trick,
Their song to the desert night.
Here with the boon of an eerie moon
And the clank of the semaphore,
The old-time rails who blazed these trails
Come back from the promised shore.

Here lay the course of the old Iron Horse,
Brave was her eagle eye.
Here the tallowpot kept the wood fire hot,
And the smoke plume rose on high.
Here was the test as they chugged on west
Deep through the Indian land.
Here is the bier of the last frontier,
Deep in the shifting sand.
Here in my shack by the side of the track
On my loneliest Christmas Eve
I guard the mains for the modern trains
And dream as the phantoms leave.
By the lamp's pale glow I can see them go,
These ghosts and their old-time crew;
Now my light is green on a change of scene
And the Coast Express roars through.

8 When did British railways first use Pullman cars?

Midland Ry. introduced them June 1, 1874. Much later, in 1908, the London, Brighton & South Coast inaugurated England's first all-Pullman train, between London and the Brighton coast city.

9 What types of diesel power did the Rock Island use on its Rocket trains in the early 1950s?

Locos of widely varying size, built by the Electro-Motive Division of General Motors and Alco-GE. The *Peoria* and *Choctaw Rocket* were powered by one 1200-hp unit, except for occasional runs using 2000 hp. The *Des Moines, Twin Star,* and *Zephyr Rockets* had 2000-hp locos. The *Rocky Mt. Rockets* employed two units of 3000 or 4000 hp, varying according to traffic demands. The *Corn Belt Rocket,* eastbound only, depending on traffic needs, used 3000 or 4000 hp. The *Texas Rocket* normally used a 1200-hp or a 2000-hp unit and occasionally two units of 1200 each.

10 What was the Bodie & Benton?

A 3-foot-gage line chartered in 1881 and opened in '82 from Bodie to Mono Mills, Calif., 32 miles, with a three-mile branch to Woodyard. It owned 4 locos about 1895 when its name was changed to Bodie Ry. & Lumber Co. Later it was changed again to Mono Lake Ry. & Lumber Co., but has been gone for many years.

11 How did the electric switch work on streetcar lines?

This was activated by a break in the current running from the trolley wire to the rails through the motorman's controller. When the car rested on or passed over a certain piece of track insulated from the rest, he simply shut off for a moment and then opened his controller, if he wanted the position of the switch to change.

12 Were some of Long Island's 2-8-0's ex-Pennsy locos?

Not some, but all. They were class H-6sb, 1905-1907, and H-10s, 1913-1916.

13 Name Louisiana's steam roads in the late 1930s.

Arkansas & Lousiana Missouri; Rock Island; Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe; Gulf, Mobile & Northern; Illinois Central; Kansas City Southern; Louisiana & Arkansas; Louisiana & North West; Louisiana & Pine Bluff; Louisville & Nashville; Louisiana; Arkansas & Texas; Louisiana Southern; Missouri Pacific; Mansfield Ry. & Transportation; New Iberia & Northern; New Orleans & Northeastern; New Orleans, Natalbany & Natchez; New Orleans Public Belt; New Orleans Terminal Ry.; New Orleans, Texas & Mexico; Natchez, Urania & Ruston; Quachita & North Western; Sibley, Lake Bisteneau & Southern; St. Louis Southwestern; Tremont & Gulf; Texas & New Orleans; Texas & Pacific; Texas Pacific-Missouri Pacific R.R. of New Orleans; Yazoo & Mississippi Valley; North Louisiana & Gulf, and New Orleans & Lower Coast.

14 When did the Denver & Rio Grande build from Denver to Idaho Springs?

It didn't. You're thinking of the Colorado & Southern narrow-gage line from Denver to Idaho Springs, organized as the Colorado Central in 1871 and taken over by the UP when it acquired the Denver, South Park & Pacific about ten years later. Around 1900 it became part of the Colorado & Southern.

15 Who built the world's first tandem-compound locomotive?

This honor goes to Shephard Iron Works of New Jersey in 1868. She was originally a 4-4-0 outshopped by Boston's Hinkley & Drury 17 years earlier and converted for the Erie, under plans prepared by Shephard manager H.P. Perry, based on a patent issued to John Lay in 1867. The 122 was stripped of her cylinders and equipped with four high-and low-pressure replacements. The former were 11½" in diameter, the latter 24". Rotary valves connected to the cylinders were actuated by rods on each side from the rocking shaft of the Stephenson valve gear. No. 122 saw service for several years as a compound, but was never a howling success. Eventually she was retired. The next compound to run in America was an import based upon a practical design by Anatole Mallet. Some historians credited England with the first compound, because of an earlier claim of two "continuous expansion" locos running as early as 1851 on the Eastern Counties Railway, but these engines were not true compounds.

16 Could the 13 months I've been on the Southern Ry. be considered a "current connection" on a railroad?

Yes. An employee has such a connection if he or she has worked on a railroad for at least 12 out of the last 30 months before an annuity begins. When he or she does not have such service, an earlier 30-month period may be used if the employee had no regular non-railroad job in the meantime. Self-employment does not break a current connection.

17 Which was the first railway built across Canada?

The Canadian Pacific, completed at Craigellachie, B.C., in Eagle Pass when the eastern and western sections were joined Nov. 7, 1885. The CP was incorporated Feb. 16, 1881 and its completion within ten years was a condition of British Columbia entering the Confederation. Construction began May 2, 1881, and throughout 1882 about 2.5 miles of track were laid every working day. The prairie section was finished Aug. 18, 1883, the Great Lakes section May 16, 1885. Building track through the rock and muskeg north of Lake Superior was the toughest going of all. Service between Montreal and Port Moody began June 28, 1886, and was extended to Vancouver in 1887. An alternate route through the Canadian Rockies at Crow's Nest Pass, not far from the U.S. border, was completed in 1914. This line crosses the great viaduct at Lethbridge, 314 feet high, over the Belly River, and another 147 feet above Old Man River at Macleod.

18 Which were the most powerful steam locos in New England just prior to World War II?

Central Vermont's 700 class 2-10-4's, with 76,800 lbs. t.f., plus 13,100 lbs. of booster effort. The 2-8-4's of the Boston & Maine and the Boston & Albany shared runner-up honors with 69,400 lbs. t.f. and an added 12,000 lbs. from the booster.

19 What road was the I&WN?

The Idaho & Washington Northern, chartered in 1907 and built that year from Newport, Wash., to McGuires, Idaho. When acquired by the Milwaukee Road in 1914 it ran from McGuires to Metaline Falls, 105 miles, with a six-mile branch.

20 Who was Ernst Warner von Siemens?

Born in 1816 at Lenthe, Hanover, Germany, he is best remembered for having built the first practical electric railway, which was shown at the Berlin Trades Exhibition in 1879. Von Siemens was also responsible for the Portrush-Giant's Causeway Tramway in Ireland, the world's first railway to run on hydro-electric power. It was opened Sept. 28, 1883, nine years before his death.

Running Extra

REGARDING the Portland & Rochester, mentioned in a recent issue, the Boston & Maine sold the former P&R to shortline operator Samuel Pinsley. He renamed it the Sanford & Eastern R.R. and began operations July 1, 1949, using borrowed B&M steam before the diesels arrived. About 1959 the trackage west of Sanford, Maine, was abandoned and the S&E's only interchange became Westbrook, Maine. The road ceased operation in March, 1961, and the rails came up the following September.—Richard Hoisington, 6 Park Ave., Derry, N.H. 03038.

HOW MANY ex-Canadian Pacific 4-6-2's still exist and what are their numbers?—Dale Miller, 2515 S.W. Plum Court, Portland, Ore. 97219.

I RECENTLY saw a boxcar with two heralds, Chicago Great Western and Chicago & North Western. How come?—Lee Miller. Bos 537, Metamora, Ill. 61548.

REGARDING Wm. Jones' recent inquiry: many railroads devised loco classification systems tailored to their own needs. The most common ones had combinations of letters and numbers, as K-4s, J-Z, D-16sb, or NU-1e. The capital letters denoted the wheel arrangement. The number generally meant a specific design of the wheel arrangement, although on at least one railroad it meant t.f. in thousands of pounds. Lower-case letters, if used, denoted minor variations or alterations in the same general design. No common standard in these classification letters or numbers existed.—Charles M. Smith, 3 Princeton Rd., Strafford-Wayne, Pa. 19087.

I WANT history or other info on Yazoo & Mississippi Valley R.R. (ICG). J. Sidney Lambert, president, San Antonio Chap., NRHS, 219 Madrid Dr., Universal City, Texas 78148.

WHAT is the longest passenger run in regular Australian service?—John Gray, 77 High St., Newton, N.J. 07860.

RELATIVE to a recent query, the Evansville, Suburban & Newburg was opened as a steam road in 1889 to ship coal from Evansville to New burg, Ind., about 10 miles up the Ohio River. In 1904, the management began to electrify it. The small steam dummies used on freight were replaced by Moguls for hauling coal.

The 1c1 freight was handled by a box motor. Passenger service ended in 1930. Freight hauling on the Bonneville branch ended in 1947. An ES&N box motor and a former Evansville & Ohio Valley steeplecab, remaining in service until 1956 as Cook Transit Co., worked the brewery in Evansville.—Lester McDaniel, 3288 Parklane Ave., Columbus, Ohio 43229.

CENTRAL OF GEORGIA became part of the Illinois Central in 1909. Did the Frisco later buy any IC stock in CofG? The Frisco sold its CofG stock to the Southern.—C.D. Cavender, Box 631, Stone Mountain, Ga. 30083.

WHO has original pix of NYC's famed 999?—Delmar Hunt, 14043 Boichot Rd., Lansing, Mich. 48906.

I NEED rosters, pix, reference to books, magazines, maps, etc., of Texas railroads.—Bill Shippen, 220 W. 6th Ave., Chico, Calif. 95926.

I AGREE with Harvey W. Elson in recent issue: there was no Canadian Pacific 9000. The last steamer number was the 8000, class T-4a, a 2-10-4, with 15½x28 cylinders, a high boiler pressure, and 24x30 lp cylinders, 230 lbs. b.p. and 63″ drivers. She was built in 1931 and scrapped in 1940. The 8000 was one of a kind, experimental high pressure engine.—Ernest Smart, Wilson's Beach P.O., Campobello Beach, N.B., Canada.

HOW MANY loaded passenger cars could a Union Pacific Big Boy haul?—Nelson Love, 620 E. Amherst Pl., Englewood, Colo. 80110.

WHAT is the address of Bill Lear?—Kenneth Baker, 103 Bissell Ave., Oil City, Pa. 16301.

THE LAST known Pennsy steam loco in regular service was an 0-6-0 B6sb. What was her number and when was she scrapped?—M. Haller, Box 680, Roxbury, Mass. 02120.

DID Henry Dreyfuss design Alco's PA series? If not, who did?—John Hembrey, 9912 Binter Lane, Wichita, Kan. 67212.

PAUL GARBANNO asked about branch-line mixed trains still running. U.S. Amtrak lists such a service operated by Georgia R.R. between Athens and Union Point, between Barnett and Washington, and between Macon and Camak, Ga.—Peyton Jayner, 603A Mountain Trail, Hixson, Tenn. 37343.

YOU HAD a photo of a freight clearing customs on the San Diego & Arizona Eastern. Where was the eastern terminus of this line, when was it built and how did Southern Pacific get into the operation? Does the latter own, lease, or operate the SD&AE?—J.M. Coker, 35 Buchman Dr., Loudonville, N.Y. 12211.

WHERE can I find specially made binders for my copies of Railroad Magazine?—Michael J. Shostak, 860 N. Bucknell St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19130. (*Ed note.* Try any large stationery store.)

WHAT is meant by tons per operative brake?—Alan Murakami, 4811 Parkglen Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90043.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN RYS. used to operate railcars (rail motors) built by the Service Car Co. and Brill. I understand that Brill took over Service Car. Can anyone tell me about these companies?—R. Hamm, 44 Winton St., Christchurch, 1, New Zealand. •

Roster Corrections

OUR PRINTER made some errors in our New Jersey Short Lines roster (Oct. '74). First listing should be Black River & Western Railroad; the second, East Jersey Railroad & Terminal; the fourth, The Lehigh & Hudson River Railway, and the fifth, Lehigh & New England Railroad (abandoned). Weight of L&NERR 611-613 should be 231,000 lbs. L&NERy 1601 class should be FSD-79.

The eleventh road listed should be New York, Susquehanna & Western Railroad. Tractive effort of NYS&W 200 should be 22,500 lbs. Wheel arrangement of SIRT 9011-9012 should be B-B. W&N 2000-2002 are class PD-25, with 2000 hp, built in 1946-'7 by BW, model DRX 6-4-2000, with an A1A-A1A wheel arrangement, 63,910 lbs. of t.e., and a weight of 383,500 lbs. Note 23 applies.

Note 3 should read: L&NERR 651, 652, 657, 659-660, 663 were sold to Raymond International, Inc., renumbered 1501-1506 (9/61); then to Whisler Equipment (1966-7). Raymond 1502, 1506 were sold to Altos Hornos de Mexico, renumbered 128-129. Raymond 1501, 1503, 1504 were sold to Precision Engineering and scrapped. Disposition of 1505 is unknown. L&NERR 652, 654-656, 658, 661-662 were sold to L&N, renumbered 265-271. L&N 265-271 were traded to GE for new L&N power and scrapped.

Note 5 should read: L&NERR 751-753 were sold to L&N, renumbered 327-329. They were traded to Alco Pr. for new L&N power and scrapped.

Note 6 should read: L&NERy 1531-1532 were originally Central Railroad of New Jersey 1526 (1st), 1532, class FPSD-37; then CNO 1531 (2nd), 1532, class FSD-37; then L&NERy 1531-1532 (1962). These units rebuilt in 1959.

Note 7 should read: L&NERy 1601 was originally CNJ 1601, then L&NERy 1601, then sold to Naporano Iron & Metal and scrapped.

Note 24 should read: BR&W 1 was originally Bigelow-Sanford Co. (no number), then Harrison Warehouse Corp. 1, then BR&W 1.

Note 32 should read: L&HR 4, 10 were sold to the St. Johnsbury & Lamoille County. L&HR 4 was renumbered SJ&LC 204. L&HR 10 was not renumbered.

Note 38 should read: NYS&W 231, 233 (1st) were requisitioned by the USA, rebuilt by Alco-GE to C-C wheel arrangement, and renumbered 8000-8001 (1/43, 10/42). USA 8000 was sold to U.S. Navy, renumbered 65-00575. USA 8001 was sold to Alaska Railroad, renumbered 1085 (4/50); then rebuilt and renumbered 1057 (2/53), then retired (5/65).—Sy Reich. •

BOOKS OF THE RAILS

by GORTON T. H. WILBUR

THE LAST WHISTLE, by Jack R. Wagner, 136 pages, 8½x11″, hard cover, photos, maps, timetables, rosters; Howell-North Books, $8.50.

Here is the story of California's Ocean Shore Railroad, visioned as a high-speed electric commuter line from San Francisco to Santa Cruz early in the century. The earthquake of 1906 shattered this dream, heaving much of the work into the Pacific Ocean. The OS never recovered. Instead of spotless interurbans, hand-me-down steam locos were purchased and work began again grading from Santa Cruz northbound. The sections never met, but for about ten years the northern division carried pleasure-seeking city crowds to the ocean, while in the south, logging trains hauled redwood timber to Santa Cruz. There are 180 good pix to help Jack Wagner spin an interesting story about a little-known line that started out with a big potential, but disappeared into the shadows of time. Incidentally, Jack is the author of eight *Railroad Magazine* articles.

SOUTHERN: Ps4 CLASS PACIFIC LOCOMOTIVE DRAWINGS, edited by William C. Fitt, 32 pages, 11x17″ portfolio, photos, drawings, specifications; Wildwood Publications, Box 286, Cadillac, Mich. 49601, $7.50.

This should be a must for Southern Ry. fans in general and the Dixie model railroaders in particular. W. Graham Claytor, Jr., president of the line and one of our *Interesting Railfans,* provided erection card and detail drawings of the Ps-4 class Pacifics, famed for pulling the *Crescent Limited,* the *Piedmont Limited,* the *Memphis Special,* the *Ponce de Leon,* and other crack Southern trains, for publication in *Live Steam* magazine. They are presented authentically in this portfolio at a scale of ½″-1′0″ directly from the road's drawing file. Photos from the collections of Richard E. Prince, C. W. Jernstrom, H.R. Blackburn, H.L. Broadbelt, and M. Decker help to bring out details of the Ps-4s.

METRE-GAUGE RAILWAYS IN SOUTH AND EAST SWITZERLAND, by John Marshall, 262 pages, 5½x8½″, hard cover, photos, maps, rosters, drawings; David & Charles, North Pomfret, Vt. 05053, $15.

John Marshall, who acquired his interest in Swiss railways from the late Cecil J. Allen, one of our *Interesting Railfans,* offers a detailed history of one of Europe's largest metre-gauge railway systems, the group consisting of the Rhaetian, Furka-Oberalp, and the Brig-Visp-Zermatt and Gornergrat railways. Over 100 line drawings of locos, rolling stock, bridges, etc., are included. Steam and electric engines, railcars, and rolling stock are itemized. Sixteen pages of pictures illustrate the spectacular feats of engineering that conquered some of the most difficult terrain in the Alps.

Periodicals and Journals

THE RAILROAD ENTHUSIAST, Summer and Autumn 1974,

Railroad Enthusiast, Inc. edited by Frank Kyper, 20 Hilltop Dr., Burlington, Mass. 01803; 31 pages, 6x8″, photos, maps, drawings. Free to members; non-members $1 postpaid. Frank has another well-balanced issue. He leads off with his own interesting study of Boston's dowager South Station. Also: Don Patterson's Railroad Album of RRE'S Portland Div. 470 Club gives real railroad flavor with line drawings, Those two historians of New Hampshire's Wolfeboro Rail Road, Dick Libby and Carol Furnee, have a nice article in "Return: A Shortline Railroad." Brain Manning's "Chattanooga's Amazing Incline" likewise is good reading. And don't miss Paul Kutta's mystery photo quiz.

NICKEL PLATE ROAD MAGAZINE, 10th Year Commemorative Issue, edited by Skip Sassmannshausen, of Nickel Plate Historical & Technical Society, P.O. Box 9254, Ft. Wayne, Ind. 46809; photos, map, roster; $6 for members. This fine organization celebrates its 8th birthday with the commemorative issue marking the merger of NKP into the Norfolk & Western family of railroads on Oct. 16, 1964. Skip and NPHTS should be especially proud of this edition. It is made up of five parts that went into this wedding of the rails, namely: The Prelude, The Participants, The Result, The Future, and Motive Power. Excellent pix of locos and trains of roads known to railfans as High Speed Service, Follow the Flag, Serving Ohio and the Nation, and The Alphabet Route.

B&M BULLETIN, Summer '74, edited by John C. Hutchins of the Boston & Maine Historical Society, Inc., P.O. Box 302, Reading, Mass. 01867; 32 pages, 8½x11″, photos, rosters, scale drawings. This lively quarterly publication has expanded by 8 additional pages with issue. Be sure to read "Through the Woods to Winnipesauke," by R.C. Libby and Carol M. Furnee; "Remember When, III," by Stanley Y. Whitney, and "Post-1911 B&M Steam Roster-Part IV," by Lester S. Twombley and Robert E. Chaffin. Editor Hutchins needs B&M articles, data, and clear photos for future editions.

TRANSIT POSTMARK COLLECTOR, edited by H.E. Rankin, covering cancelled RPO stamps, pix, maps, and timetables; Mobile Post Office Society, 5030 Aspen Dr., Omaha, Neb. 68137, $3 membership. Much interest for the railfan. •

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THE STORY OF EDDYSTONE (Baldwin Loco Works)	$ 8.95	($ 8.50)

HOBBY CLUB

conducted by Sy Reich

THE NATIONAL Railway Historical Society had another great convention, although only 13 percent of its members living west of the Mississippi River attended this fine gathering of the clan. Accolades must go to John Francis, convention chairman, and to those members of Central Coast Chapter who worked hard to make the big late-summer annual meeting a success.

True, as was pointed out by Allan Vaughn, NRHS veep, there was no mainline operation to lure out-of-town members, and yet 87 percent of the 360-plus registrants came from east of the mighty stream. Still, I wonder why the boys and gals from the prairies and Rocky Mountain area didn't assemble in larger numbers. The trips lined up for them were excellent. The hotel banquet program was good. There was no shortage of gas, and San Francisco is easy to reach. Had everyone ridden the Sierra, Roaring Camp & Big Trees, visited the new Cable Car Museum, etc.?

Various chapters, such as Overland, Pacific Northwest, and Lake Shores, ran special excursions. Jim Herron headed a delegation from Dixie. Many eastern stalwarts made it a point to get there. Maybe the lure of Baghdad-on-the-Bay and riding the rails in a distant part of the country fascinated them. But why did such a huge plurality from one area support a fine program that should have had an overwhelming turnout in its own backyard?

I do know that E. Lewis and his crowd always put on good shows for NRHS members. Last year's outing in New Orleans, for example. Also the 1974 affair. Next year Old Smoky Chapter in Knoxville, Tenn., will have the honors. Let's hope that the percentage then will be more evenly divided.

NEWS of 1975 calendars as a source of revenue for railfan clubs is coming across my desk. North Alabama Railroad Club, Box 4163, Huntsville, Ala. 35802, has one featuring 13 beautiful pix of recent Southern Railway Steam excursions in Dixie, opens to large 11x17," $2 postpaid. Add 50¢ for first class postage. For an extra half buck with the order you can get a specification diagram sheet of the club's famous No. 77; costs $1 if ordered alone.

A New York Central calendar with a different photo for every month, and historical dates, is selling for $2.50. Ohio residents include sales tax. Contact New York Central System Historical Society, Inc., Box 10027, Cleveland, Ohio 44110.

The Nickel Plate Historical Technical Society has one with 14 new 8x10" photos of NKP and predecessors, $2.50 each, ppd. Write to Box 9254, Ft. Wayne, Ind. 46809.

A non-railclub offering, but showing some of the best railroad pictures I've ever seen, are Arch McDonnell's terrific Boston & Maine railscapes in color, some of which October *Railroad Magazine* reproduced in b&w. All 12 prints on this beautiful 12x18" calendar are suitable for framing. Price: $4.75 postpaid. Single copies of steam pictures of rustic New Hampshire, $2.25 each, sent anywhere in the U.S. Any three $5.50; any six $10.50; any ten $16.25. (Each additional print $1.70.) Write The Village Press Depot, Donovan St., Concord, N.H. 03301.

ROCKY MT. Railroad Club's car *Rico* and Colorado Railroad Museum equipment were used in August for filming a holdup scene for a Johnny Cash television show, *The Great American Train Story*, or *Riding the Rails*. Consult your local program for showing Nov. 22nd.

BRITAIN'S narrow-gage and ancient Festiniog Railway plans to rebuild its 111-year-old *Prince*, a famed 0-4-0 saddle-tank loco. The country's oldest steam-gage engine, hopefully, will be exhibited at next year's Stockton & Darlington 150th anniversary celebration. British railfans able and willing to work on this historic loco at Festiniog's Barton Lodge works, Portmodoc, Wales, should contact A. Shooter, 35 St.

Roster of Pennsy Steam Hogs

	H3, class R of 1885	H3a, class R, built after 12/1889	H3b, class R of 1893
First engine	400	692	1623
Date introduced	10/1885	7/1891	2/1893
Cylinders	20x24"	20x24"	20x24"
Valve gear	Stephenson	Stephenson	Stephenson
Drivers, diameter	50"	50"	50"
Wheel base, drivers	13' 10"	13' 10"	13' 10"
Wheel base, total engine	21' 9"	21' 9"	21' 9"
Boiler type	Belpaire narrow	Belpaire narrow	Belpaire narrow
Boiler dia. inside	59"	60"	60"
Boiler pressure	140 lbs. psi	140 lbs. psi	150 lbs. psi
Firebox	107x42"	108x42"	108x42"
Grate area	31.2 sq. ft.	31.5 sq. ft.	31.5 sq. ft.
Tubes, number	183	174	174
Tubes, diameter	2½"	2¼"	2¼"
Tubes, length	13' 3/16"	13' 3"	13' 3"
Heating surface, tubes	1565 sq. ft.	1358 sq. ft.	1358 sq. ft.
Heating surface, firebox	167 sq. ft.	140 sq. ft.	140 sq. ft.
Heating surface, total	1732 sq. ft.	1498 sq. ft.	1498 sq. ft.
Weight on drivers	100,590	111,500 lbs.	111,500
Weight engine empty	102,000	116,000 lbs.	116,100
Weight engine working order	114,620	126,500 lbs.	127,000
Tractive effort	22,848	22,848 lbs.	24,480

In the line just above, H3a engines with 150 lbs. steam pressure had 24,480 lbs. tractive effort.

Class R locomotives (excluding those listed as excess equipment)

	1910 Lines East	1915 Lines East	1916 Lines West	1920 Lines East
H3	228	42	4	2
H3a	267	127	134	2
H3b	90	66	27	-
H3c	-	-	31	-
H3e	12	12	-	8

Nevada Northern No. 40 leaves Ely, Nevada, hauling three Espee commuter coaches on summer steam excursion in 1964. Anyone have any info on NN? Randall H. Larson, 13810 Tan Tara Drive, Sun City, Arizona 85351

Matthew's Dr., Derrington, Stafford ST89LU, Great Britain.

WILLIAMS COUNTY Historical Society of Montpelier, Ohio, has received a former Wabash bunk car from the Norfolk & Western. Car No. 5705 (now WCHS No. 2) was originally built by Pullman as a 51-ft. troop sleeper for World War II. Some 1200 of these were used to transport armed forces personnel during the war. (Remember those rides, vets?) Each car could accommodate 30 men in three-tiered bunks, with wash and toilet facilities at each end. They were originally painted Pullman green with gold lettering. The Society plans to use No. 2 as an exhibit car for displaying its many rail artifacts. Eventually, the car will join the ex-C&O hack at the Williams County Fairgrounds in Montpelier.

IMPORTANT to railfans taking pictures. I recently noticed a sticker on rolls of 116 Verichrome pan film saying Eastman Kodak will not manufacture film in this size after 1974, which will be a blow to many rail camera fans like myself who use both 616 and 116 film. I hope a lot of letters will be sent to Eastman Kodak, Rochester, N.Y., requesting that they continue both sizes. This tiny stuff isn't good for engines, except possibly the 35mm slides to be shown on a screen. The new ruling could be a serious blow to many of us, who'd have to throw away our cameras. Anyone know of another company making these sizes?—R.H. Carlson, Box 9, Combres, Tex. 78535.

AT A RECENT board of directors meeting of the Canadian Railroad Historical Assn., Jean G. Cote, recently retired research historian, Headquarters Library, Canadian National Railways, Montreal, was elected an honorary member of the Association, for his great contribution to researching the history of Canada's railways in general and CNR and its antecedents in particular. Jean is a good friend of *Railroad Magazine.* He is living temporarily in Edmonton, Alta., before taking on a permanent address in the Okanagan Valley of British Columbia.

HERE'S an item of unusual interest from *The Clearance Card,* monthly newsletter of the Southwest Railroad Historical Society, edited by Burt C. Blaut, 3708 Harvard Ave., Dallas, Texas 75265. The item itself came from Roland B. Petterson:

"In the building of the first transcontinental railroad the last spike was fabricated from $400 worth of gold by Schultz, Fischer & Mohrig, San Francisco jewelers. The jewelry work cost $24.24, which included the engraving of 381 letters on the spike at a cost of four cents per letter. The Gold Spike is now in the archives of Stanford University at Palo Alto, Calif. The last tie was eight feet long, eight inches wide, and six inches thick, made of California laurel, highly polished for the occasion. It was returned to California, but was reduced to ashes in the earthquake and fire which devastated San Francisco in April, 1906."

ALSO in California, the Pacific Southwest Railway Museum of San Diego recently acquired a mansion on wheels, the *Victoria,* with elegance befitting a queen, valued at $500,000. Built by Pullman at an original cost of $100,000 in 1927, when the dollar was worth a lot more than it is today, this luxurious piece of equipment has brought up the rear of hundreds of coast-to-coast trains carrying Presidents, opera singers, heads of foreign states visiting the U.S., and many other celebrities.

Franklin D. Roosevelt used the car in 1935 for his second presidential campaign. Nine years later the Burlington bought her and renamed her *Blackhawk.* In 1966 two San Diego execs purchased the veteran, called her *Victoria,* and turned her over to the museum. According to museum director Jack Stodells, the car will be displayed to the public for a while.

"When we get the money for restoration," he adds, "we'll put her back into service."

OUR SALUTE this month goes to one of the smaller of the 115 NRHS chapters, with 35 members, but also one of the most energetic; the East Carolina Club, Farmville, N.C. Leisure time finds devoted Chapter members working around their equipment, which includes No. 67, a GE 45-ton diesel; No. 270, a 50-ton Whitcomb engine; No. 188, an ex-Southern baggage-RPO car; two ex-Marine Corps flatcars, and—most recently acquired—No. 5228, an elderly ex-Seaboard Coast Line hack.

They also have three railway maintenance motor cars, two of them former Carolina Southern R.R. cars from Windsor, N.C., and the third donated by Norfolk Southern. The equipment work site is located at the old Colonial Ice and Coal yard on West Wilson St., Farmville.

The East Carolina Chapter is a non-profit, educational corporation dedicated to preserving old railroad equipment and history. Tom Johnson of Asheboro is president and Bob Newton veep-treasurer. Besides putting out a fine newsletter, *The Tarheel Telegrapher,* the club runs several fantrips a year.

Bob says that a future goal is to be ready to operate an excursion train on the old East Carolina R.R. mainline between Farmville and Pinetops, N.C. He thinks this should be about three years after Superior Stone Co., owner of the line, opens up its rail operations at their quarry in Fountain and rebuilds the track.

BANGOR & AROOSTOCK em-employees have been among the enthusiastic workers in the Penobscott Snowmobile Club, which has headquarters and 56 acres of land in Hermon, Maine. With an easing of the gas shortage that proved a nightmare last winter, the four-year-old organization, made up of over 100 families in the area, will take advantage of its new clubhouse facilities. BAR hoghead Wayne Duplisea, a director of the club, says some 16 company employes are among the members. •

THE SWITCH LIST

All ads in this section cost 15¢ a word (minimum 25 words, no maximum wordage), including abbreviations, names, initials, numbers, cities, states, or provinces. Zip codes free. SSE means "enclose self-addressed stamped envelope." Send check or money order with each entry to Bill Balgley, advertising manager, Railroad Magazine, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

SELLING in groups of 20 (my choice) car and diesel color slides for $5. Specify cars or diesels. Also have 1905 N&W rulebook for sale for best offer.—O.H. Borsum, 426 Woodland Circle, Lynchburg, Va. 24502.

ROGER TESKEY, 836 Elm, Windsor, Ont., Canada, N9A 5H3, will trade good quality 35mm color slides of diesel locos from Windsor-Detroit area for American, Mexican, or other Canadian locos.

RARE BOOKS. South Park Supplement, Colorado Midland, Beebe's "Age of Steam," Original Rotogravure, others. SSE for list prices.—Roy Strothman, 5739 Wintrop Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio 45224.

WANTED: book entitled "The Economic History of the B&O," price & condition quotes requested —Harvey, P.O. Box 2973, Nashville, Tenn. 37219.

BACK ISSUES of Railroad, Trains, MRR, RMC, others, mostly in mint condition. SSE for list. Also have HO and N models.—Randy Sunada, Box 362, Parlier, Calif. 93648.

METER GAUGE STEAM IN INDIA. New 32-page, 5½x8, soft-cover book, 55 photos, taken in 1974. Features the modern YP class 4-6-2's and YG class 2-8-2's built as late as 1972. Locomotives are very American in appearance, with no buffers, single headlights, pilots, and other U.S. -style details. High quality printing. Only $1, includes postage with envelope and cardboard protector to anywhere on earth.—L.T. Cerney, 520 Livingston Dr., New Lenox, Ill. 60451.

RAILROAD SILVER: individual service coffee pot, graceful shape, marked "NYC" on front, $30. Flatware, each piece marked "NYC" on handle, knife, fork, soup spoon, teaspoon, $6 each, or complete 4-piece setting $20.50 postpaid. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. Send $1 for large catalog of railroad dining-car collectibles.—Lillian's Shop, Box 4777R, North Hollywood, Calif. 91607.

RAILROAD ANTIQUES and artifacts, widest selection, all authentic, most old, much rate. Museum quality (Smithsonian Institution a repeat customer) at collector's prices. Current lists for three 10¢ stamps.—Scott Arden, Noti, Ore. 97461.

RAILFANS' multimodal transportation guide to vicinity of Los Angeles Union Station, $1. Order S #119-S, from Robert J. Swan, Box 1866, Long Beach, Calif. 90801.

WANT: ANYTHING on the Duluth, Winnipeg & Pacific or its predecessors like the Duluth, Rainy Lake & Winnipeg. Working on book. Also interested in KO&G, MV, OCA&A. Also pre-merger only CB&Q, C&S, FW&D, WV. Will buy or trade Burlington Lines steam and diesels negs., pub. and emp. tts., passes. List completely what you have. If you desire to trade, send SSE.—Jim Seacrest, 2101 Birchwood, No. Platte, Neb. 69101.

FOR SALE: railroad emblem watch fobs in colored porcelain, only $2.50 ea. Have over 60 different. Send 10¢ stamp for free list. Also have bolo ties and belt buckles.—Hoover's 120B Fruit, Peru, Ill. 61354.

OLD RADIO programs on cassettes or reels. Your favorite shows return. We have thousands of programs to choose from: Amos and Andy, Fred Allen, I love a Mystery, Inner Sanctum, Sherlock Holmes, etc. Send 50¢ to Remember Radio Inc., Box 2513U, Norman, Okla. 73069, for our catalog.

CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RR. historical memorabilia wanted.—Alden Miller, 3212 34th Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn. 55406.

SETH BRAMSON, 8035 Cecil, Miami Beach, Fla. 33141, buys, trades for anything FEC or predecessors, anything Fla. Buys rail, trolleyana in quantity. Sells selected items; fills want lists.

ED McGRATH, Box 376, Mahanoy City, Pa. 17948, sells emp. tts. of P&R, 1910-'23; RDG. Co., 1927-'49. List for SSE. Buys switch keys.

COLOR SLIDES of diesel and steam locomotives, large assortment covering all class 1 railroads and many short lines. Black and white action photos. Sample and catalog, 35¢.—Midwest Photo, Box 13801, St. Louis, Mo. 63147.

RAILROAD STAMPS from the world over sent for your free examination; no obligation. Comprehensive assortment. Return postage paid.—Stamps Galore, 2409 John Ave., Superior, Wis. 54880.

NEWEST DUPLICATE slide sets from Northwest Rail Images, 4891 Donald St., Eugene, Ore. 97405, feature recent Northwest steam and minor Canadian railways (QNS&L, GWWD, etc.). Older sets include CMSP&P electrics, pre-Amtrak varnish, short lines, and other Canadian lines. 25¢ brings list, sample.

BURLINGTON NORTHERN photos: diesels, cabooses, passenger cars, work equipment. List includes NP, GN, CB&Q in original numbers as well as renumbered equipment in old colors from all the pre-merger roads. Send 10¢ for list to Lee Hastman, P.O. Box 97, Morton Grove, Ill. 60053.

WORLD OF SOUTH AMERICAN STEAM, new, from Roy Christian and Ken Mills, color covers, 136 pages, over 200 photos. Seen in action: 1876 BLW 4-4-0, BLW 2-6-6-0T, the last 4-8-4's on the continent. Send $7.95 for softbound, $10.95 hardbound, to Roy Christian, 1691 Wilshire Dr., Aptos, Calif. 95003. Add 6% sales tax in Calif.

ARE YOU detailing a model or collecting roster views? See us. 1200 slides covering all major U.S., Canadian, and Mexican roads; also passenger cars. Catalog and sample $1, refundable.—Thomas Chenoweth, Box 811, Poway, Calif. 92064.

WANTED: Akron, Canton & Youngstown photos, rosters, maps, builders prints and historical data.—Mark Kostolich, 86 Menlo Park Dr., Akron, Ohio 44313.

LEARN AUCTIONEERING: my complete method $8.—Perry Auctioneer, Rte. 2, Chaffee, Mo. 63740.

KODACHROME duplicate slides: Choose from comprehensive collection of GN, NP, SP&S, CB&Q, MILW, BN, including diesels, electrics, freight and passenger cars, work cars, structures. Also a representative selection of CN, CP, ATSF, SOO, SP, WP, UP, and other Midwest, Western, and Eastern roads. Our new detailed printed catalog and 2 samples $2, first class.—Cordell Newby, 1604 3rd N.E., East Wenatchee, Wash. 98801.

CANADIAN steam photos, actions, stills, CN, CP, TH&B, NAR, PGE, ONR, many short lines. 40-page list and sample 8 x 10 for $2. Write Dick George, RR #1, Waubaushene, Ont., Canada.

ORIGINAL 1924 MAPS of New York Central Lines. Many other railroad collectibles. Price list for 50¢, refundable with $5 minimum order. —Connecticut Valley Railroad Museum, Inc., P.O. Box 452, Essex, Conn. 06426.

TMER&L CO. (Milwaukee Electric Lines), Dec. 16, 1928, 20-page system timetable, Xerox copy, $3.25—M.D. Meyer, 128 Corner St., Watertown, Wis. 53094.

CATALOG of 1,000 electric railway photos, 16¢ in stamps, includes ITC, IRR, BCE, WCF&N, Potomac Edison, B&A, W&OD, CR&IC, LVT, 41 others.—Seth Steventon, Kennan, Wis. 54537.

STEREO CASSETTE, 60 min., exceptional quality, high-fidelity recording, "1974 Independence Ltd.," featuring Southern's 2-8-2 steam engine #4501 in W.Va. and Va., July 5-7. Send check or m.o. for $6.95 ppd. to Menkel Sounds, Dept. SL, P.O. Box 195, Rutherford, N.J. 07070. (N.J. residents add 35¢ tax.)

NORTH SHORE LINE items for sale, including timetables, dining-car requisitions, money bags, dispatchers reports, letterheads, and more. Also Chicago Rapid Transit rule books. Send stamped envelope for list.—Relic, Dept. R., Box 752, South Elgin, Ill. 60177.

FOR SALE: "Historical Railroad Lanterns" book, $6 postpaid. Order from author, A.S. Burkhalter, P.O. Box 41, Winchester, Tenn. 37398.

RAILROAD STOCK certificates: Catalog plus beautifully engraved certificate, $2. Also eager to buy all stock certificates and bonds.—Ken Prag, Box 431-R, Hawthorne, Calif. 90250.

SELL OR TRADE: for good camera or typewriter, best offer as soon as possible. 124 issues Railroad Magazine, 28 Trains magazines '64-'69.—O.W. Brooks, R.D. 1, Box 46, Emporium, Pa. 15834.

BUYING SLIDES or negatives? Tired of constantly sending for lists? Rail Film Monthly has new listings of negatives and original slides in each bi-monthly issue. Send 75¢ for sample copy to RFM, P.O. Box 4676, San Francisco, Calif.

1975 CALENDAR featuring 13 beautiful photos of recent Southern Railway steam excursions in the Deep South, opens to large 11x17 inches, $2. postpaid. Add 50¢ for first class postage. Send 50¢ additional with order for specification, diagram sheet of club's No. 77; $1 if ordered alone.—North Alabama Railroad Club, Box 4163, Huntsville, Ala. 35802.

1975 NKP Society Calendar. 14 new 8x10 photos of NKP and predecessors. Don't delay; order now, $2.50 each, postpaid.—NKPHTS, Box 9254, Ft. Wayne, Ind. 46809.

I WANT TO BUY Colorado Midland lantern or timetable, any year. Also want Colorado silver passes and brass lanterns.—Dr. Prokes, 7850 South Kenneth, Chicago, Ill. 60652.

ENJOY COLLECTING an exciting panorama of railroad history, to be treasured now and preserved for future generations. And at a surprisingly modest cost. Starter set of one hundred (100) different authentic railroad playing cards from past to present, only 20¢ each. Send stamp for latest list.—Margaret Meyer, 67 Hall St., Akron, Ohio. 44303.

RAILWAY NEGATIVES and original slides for sale. Mostly diesel, some steam and elec. Mostly Eastern, some Western.—W.J. Brennan, 82 Devonshire Rd., Cedar Grove, N.J. 07009.

WANT TO SELL negatives or original slides? RFM needs you; buyers waiting. Send 75¢ for sample copy to P.O. Box 4676, San Francisco, Calif. 94103.

COMMEMORATIVE edition NKPHTS Magazine, 10th anniversary of NKP/WAB/N&W merger, fully illustrated, a real collector's item, in limited quantity, $2.50 each, postpaid.—NKPHTS, Box 9254, Ft. Wayne, Ind. 46809.

DINING-CAR silver, large selection, all marked Illinois Central R.R. Includes 11-oz, coffee pots, compotes, sugar bowls, creamers, menu holders, crumb knives, cash trays, and much more. Send SSE for list.—John Nalley, Box 262, Bradley, Ill. 60915.

RMS HAS MEN'S and women's railroad jewelry, including New Haven's rare DL-109 as tie-bar, scatter pin, $2.95 each. Lariat ties or key rings, $3.50 each. All available in either gold or silver finish. Send $1 (refundable) for handy catalog to Replica Mail Specialties, P.O. Box 2820, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017, Dept. RC.

LOCOMOTIVE SLIDES: roster/action, FA's, PA's, C-liners, M420's—we've got them all. Send $1 for our catalog and 2 samples. You will automatically receive all supplements to our rapidly growing catalog.—The Rail Image, Dept. G-5, P.O. Box 289, Denville, N.J. 070834.

RAILROAD, TROLLEY, ferries, autos, etc.—since 1953 good slides or photos for sale. Send 48¢ stamps for lists—specify wants—to 35-Slides, Box 6098, Colo. Springs., Colo. 80934.

REQUIRED READING, the oldest and only "History of the Reading Railroad" available, $14.50 postpaid, insured. Free brochure.—Richard N. Mansley, 7722 Loretto Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. 19111.

"OHIO TROLLEY TRAILS," the 152-page best-seller, written by Harry Christiansen, has been reduced from $6.95 to $3.50. 70,000 words, 420 pictures, and 19 maps. Excellent for Xmas giving. Send check to Transit House, Box 3004, Erie, Pa. 16508, for prompt delivery. Special price for 10 or more copies; 40¢ for cost of mailing and handling.

NEW YORK CENTRAL 1975 calendar, a different photo for each month, historical dates notes, $2.50 each. Ohio residents please include sales tax.—New York Central System Historical Society, Inc., Box 10027, Cleveland, Ohio 44110.

WANTED: DL&W. Railroad and Central Railroad of N.J. passenger timetables from 1918 to 1923, inclusive.—George W. Polhemus, P.O. Box 1048, Pembroke, N.C. 28372.

YOU'VE HEARD one train record, you've heard thousands. Right? Wrong! "Twilight of the Gods" transcends sound effects. Recorded as an esthetic concern without padding, no phony runbys and no specials of the month. Forty-four minutes of full stereo and directionalized monaural recordings give rare glimpses of twilight of freight and passenger activity on Rio Grand's Alamosa Division and Magma Arizona under steam; inside the cab starting on 4% grade, and much more. Note limited offering. Next available, postpaid, $6 for record, $9 for tape.—T.C. Grove, 8444 Lake Gaby Ave., San Diego, Calif. 92119.

PULLMAN CAR COMPANY. Original film negatives (size 11″ x 14″) of freight car equipment from the 1930-'40 era. Many different railroad cars included. Send large SSE for list.—Depot Attic, 377 Ashford, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. 10522.

PASSENGER-CARRYING trains, 3½″ to 24″ gauges, steam, gas, all types, new, used, custom-built, photos, brochure, $2.—Currency, 130 County St., Seekonk, Mass. 02771.

DIESEL SLIDES, Aug. '74 catalog with over 3300 listings of locos from class I's, short lines, and industrials, 75¢ for catalog and sample.—Porreca, Box 22, Boulder, Colo. 80302.

BATH & HAMMONDSPORT R.R. in 1875, narrow-gage, now has 2 diesels. Kanana & Prattsburg since 1889, 228 pages, 445 photos. $4.50. Fonda, Johnstown & Gloversville R.R., 104 years old. 340 photos. 8½x11, $4.95—Bill Gordon, 232 Beresford Rd., Rochester, N.Y. 14610.

FOR SALE: Mich. Central date nails. 1916 thru 1918, 50¢ each. 1924 thru 1927, 35¢ each; all postpaid.—Ronald Cady, 1016 W. State Street, Cheboygan, Mich. 49721.

WANTED: will pay top price for Reading RR Magazine and older Pilot Magazine, 1913 to 1931, inclusive. State condition.—W. Cook, 2171B6 Bedell, Grand Island, N.Y. 14072.

FOR SALE: Hanna stoker engine from Wheeling and Lake Erie, steam locomotive, good condition. —Donald Etter, 9565 Willis Rd., Willis, Mich. 48191.

WAYNE REEDY, 1228 Congress, R3, Box 112, Middletown, Ind. 47346, SSE and 10¢ for list of emp. tts. and public tts. Also will trade depot postcards, rr playing card decks, switch keys.

BOOKS FOR SALE. "Hear the Train Blow," Beebe-Clegg, 1st edition, autographed; "Highball," Beebe, 1st printing; Iron Horse, Alexander, reprint; Steam in the Sixties, Ziel-Foster. SSE for list prices.—Roy Strothman, 5739 Wintrop Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio 45224.

ROGER ARCARA, 1432 Leland Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10460, sells reconditioned cameras, sizes 120-620, 116-616, for large oblong negs.; details free.

DISCOVER A DEPOT'S shady past, 24 pages of pix and colorful text. Order "Walnut Creek's Unique Old Station," $1.25 p.p.—Dick Murdock, Box 2253, Martinez, Calif. 94553.

FOR SALE: rail collectors parts from the old Illinois Central lowliner (Chicago) commuter cars. These cars are now being scrapped and soon parts will not be available. SSE for list.—Al. Hudson, 617 Sundale Dr., Birmingham, Ala. 35235.

PHOTOS AND SLIDES of model railroad equipment, Seattle Union station photos, Milwaukee electric locomotive photos, others; list free.—Donald W. Stange, Box 384, Orlando, Fla. 32802.

OLD ENGRAVED stock certificates, railroad and mining companies, 4 different for $2; 13 stocks $6., SSE—Reed, P.O. Box 3327, Dept. R, Allentown, Pa. 18106.

UNMARKED SWITCH LAMP, $45; NYO&W lantern $15, plus shipping cost. Lackawanna & Wyoming Valley delivery receipt 20¢ with SSE.—Robert Beers, 117 Martha Rd., Binghamton, N.Y.

I WANT employee timetables, quantities, singles. Also buy builders' plates, steam or electric, or trade diesels for steam plates.—Bob Askevold, 1800 Edgecliff Dr., Fullerton, Calif. 92631.

FOR SALE: original negatives, various sizes, of street cars, interurbans, and trains from Asia, Africa, Europe, South America, State preferences; will send list.—Dick Anderson, 334 S. Prindle, Alington Heights, Ill. 60004.

RAILROADIANA wanted from the NYO&W, L&NE, and other railroads. Describe fully and state price. Also buying and trading railroad and pole date nails.—Larry Meeker, 853 Bauer, San Carlos, Calif. 94070.

WANTED: railroad china, silver, and other dining-car items; also old passes. State condition and price.—Larry Schrenk, 3420 Downers Dr., N.E., Minneapolis, Minn. 55418.

ANTIQUE STEAM LOCOMOTIVE calendar for 1975. Great Xmas gift. Large full-color engine pictures also could be framed. Only $2 each, or three for $5, postpaid. A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring our list of fine railway jewelry, including tie tacs, tie clips, charms, and pins.—Railway Impressions, 1520 Wolfram Rd., Chicago, Ill. 60657.

LIST OF 900 railfan book buyers, $35. Also large list of book stores, $12. Send check to Liz Christiansen Box 3004, Erie, Pa. 16508.

JIM DAVIES, 78 Warren Pl., Ridgewood, N.J. 07450, sells railroadiana of B&O, EL, Erie, LI, NYC, NYNH&H, PC, PRR, railroad books, short lines, others. (Large SSE).

HO, N, OR, Z GAGERS, save money. Anything you need 25% off regular price. Send your want list with long SSE and 25¢ to Polar, Box 24121, Cleveland, Ohio 44124. •

Coming Events

(No charge for listing in this section)

Nov. 9, 10: railroadiana flea market, all types and scales toy and model trains; buy, trade, sell, at Elks Club, Mansfield. Contact John R. Smith, Mansfield Model RR Club, 52½ N. Main St., Mansfield, Ohio 44902.

Nov. 28: 15th annual Thanksgiving tour of Long Island; dinner at Greenport, N.Y. Lv. New York Penn Sta. 8:10 a.m., return 8:39 p.m. Details from Tour Dept., LIRR, Jamaica, N.Y. 11435.

Nov. 30, Dec. 1: two-hour steam trip to Yorklyn, Del., behind ex-Mississippi Central 4-4-0 No. 98 hauling steam-heated ex-EL coaches. Write Wilmington & Western R.R., Box 1374, Wilmington, Del. 19899.

Dec. 7; pre-Christmas weekend on ex-Maine narrow-gage steam at festive Edaville R.R., South Carver, Mass. Old-fashioned New England dinners, circus museum visit, overnight in Cape Cod motel; reasonably-priced packaged trip. Special bus from NY Port Authority on Sat., return early Sun. evening. Contact George Basch, trip chairman, NY Chap. R&LHS, 85-35 143rd St., Jamaica, N.Y. 11435, or phone 212 523-2154.

Dec. 7: tripleheader steam behind ex-Monson and ex-Bridgeton & Harrison on the Edaville, 1:30 p.m. Special bus. Ride train, view yuletide displays; lv. Hudson Bus Term., Medford, Mass., 11 a.m.; or North Sta., corner of Accolon Way, Boston, 11:15 a.m. Return to Boston, 6:30 p.m.; $10 adult and child. Train runs regardless of weather. Details from Trip Chairman, Mass. Bay RRE, Inc., Box 136, Ward Hill, Mass. 01830.

Dec. 7, 8: 13th annual show, Lakeside Model Railroaders Assn., Toronto. Write R.W. Owen, president, LMRA, 66 Oakmont Rd., Apt. 1101, Toronto M6P ZM8, Ont., Canada.

Dec. 28: second annual steam-in-the-snow doubleheader; two ex-CP Pacific G-5's, bellows Falls to Rutland, Vt., round trip, capacity limited. Contact Steamtown Foundation, Box 71, Bellows Falls, Vt. 05101, or call 802 463-3937.

Jan. 11, 12: Rotary Snowplow Special on Cumbres & Toltec Scenic; the Ex-D&RGW rotary OM will fight snow on portions of C&TS line between Chama and Cumbres. $30 per day, space limited. Subject to last-minute weather cancellation. Contact Agent, C&TS, Box 789, Chama, N.M. 87520, or phone 505 756-2151.

Jan. 18: Snowflake Special, extra RDC train on B&M from Boston-Berkshires. Adults $16, kids $14. Contact Mystic Valley Ry. Society, Box 32, Mattapan, Mass. 02126

Dec. 5-8: Moosonee adventure, chartered sleeper, train and lodge meals incl.; lv. Dec. 5, Windsor-Walkerville, Ont., 2:15 p.m.; return Detroit, Dec. 8, 12:45 p.m. $195 for trip, $25 deposit required. Send SSE to Michigan Railroad Club, Moosonee Trip, Box 586, Dearborn, Mich. 48121.

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Statement of Ownership, Management, and Circulation

(Act of Aug. 12, 1970, section 3685, title 39, U.S. code) (1) Title of publication: Railroad Magazine. (2) Date of filing: Sept. 27, 1974. (3) Frequency of issue: monthly. (4) Location of known office of publication. 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. (5) Location of headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: same. (6) Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher, Harry Egner, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Editor: Freeman Hubbard, same address. Managing editor: none. (Associate editor: Gorton T.H. Wilbur, same address.) (7) Owner: Popular Publications, Inc., 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017; Brookside Graphics, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017; David Geller, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. (8) Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: none.

(9) For optional completion by publishers mailing at the regular rates: option signed Harry Egner, publisher. (10) For completion by nonprofit organizations authorized to mail at special rates: D.N.A. (11) Extent and nature of circulation: average number of copies each issue during preceding 12 months: (A) Total no. copies printed: 54,583. (B) Paid circulation: (1) Sales through dealers, carriers, street vendors, and counter sales: 24,023. (2) Mail subscriptions: 9,113. (C) Total paid circulation: 33,136. (D) Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means: (1) Samples, complimentary, and other free copies: 644. (2) Copies distributed to news agents, but not sold: 20,239. (E) Total distribution: 54,019. (F) Office use, leftover, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 564. (G) Total: 54,583.

Actual no. of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date (A) Total no. copies printed: 55,600. (b) Paid circulation: (1) Sales through dealers, carriers, street vendors, and counter sales: 25,000. (2) Mail subscriptions: 10,289. (c) Total paid circulation: 35,289. (D) Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means: (1) Samples, complimentary, and other free copies: 707. (2) Copies distributed to news agents, but not sold: 19,275. (E) Total distribution: 55,271. (F) Office use, leftover, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 329. (G) Total: 55,600. Signed, certified, correct and complete, Harry Egner. •

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